

**Revolutionary group threatens life of
paper's founder during visit to Vancouver**

'Bomb the Barb'

by Allan Earle

Berkeley Barb founder Max Scherr returned to Berkeley from Vancouver last week to celebrate the 10th birthday of the Barb which looks like its karma has finally run out, according to Scherr.

After a decade of being the thorn in the side of the

**Abbie
Hoffman
wants files
—letter p. 3**

establishment (as the name implies) and self critic for the Movement, the Barb and Scherr, 59, are being attacked by self-proclaimed underground revolutionary groups.

"I don't care about being given credit for all the work I've put into the Movement," Scherr told the Straight. "I just don't want to be

**Nares
avoid
Clapton
—story p. 6**

discredited. And that's what's happening right now."

Scherr was on his way up the coast when he read in the Barb that the New World Liberation Front (NWLF) threatened to "off" the entire Barb staff. On the day this communique was published in the Bay Guardian, International New Keyus

**Renter tips
—see p. 3**

(INK) — a group of Movement lawyers which purchased the paper after Scherr gave it away two years ago — had a bomb threat on its offices.

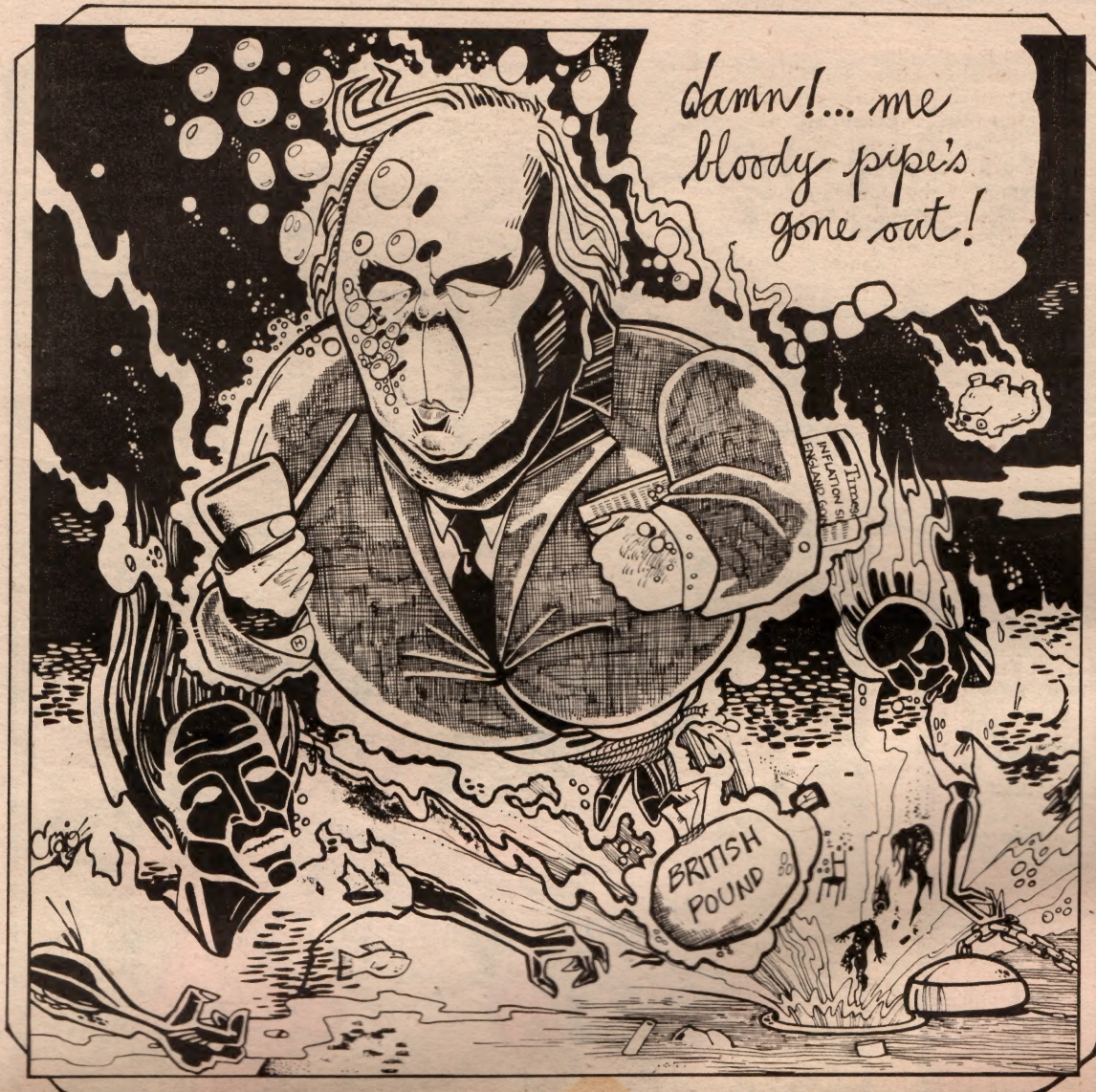
In a previous communique the NWLF condemned the actions of Popeye Jackson, black co-founder of the Prison Union in San Francisco—an organization to which Scherr also belongs. Five days after that communique was released, Jackson was killed.

Continued from page 5



LETTERS TO THE STRAIGHT

MP's support Greenpeace



Dear Sir,

Earlier this week in company with Stuart Leggatt, N.D.P. Member of Parliament for New Westminster, I attended a press conference marking the establishment of a fund to help finance future legal costs by the Greenpeace Foundation in aid to David McTaggart the skipper of the Greenpeace III. Both Mr. Leggatt and myself strongly endorse public support for this fund which will be used to pursue his case to the Supreme Court level in Paris, France. The Royal Bank has agreed to accept donations for this fund at any of its 186 branches in British Columbia in an effort to facilitate the general public in supporting this worthy cause.

As you may recall, Captain McTaggart took the French Government to court in April as a result of two incidents near the French Pacific nuclear testing area at Murura Atoll in which his protest vessel was rammed in 1972 by a French warship and boarded in 1973 by French naval commandos who savagely beat two members of the crew, including McTaggart. He won the first part of his case when the French court ruled on June 17 of this year that the French government was liable for illegally ramming the Greenpeace III. However, the court refused to rule on what McTaggart considers the more important issue...the right of France or any other nation to illegally use international water for nuclear testing.

Along with Captain McTaggart, I and many others are of the opinion that the high seas, according to the oldest laws of mankind, belong to everyone. Certainly no country or nation has the right to use these waters for nuclear testing or for their own

specific benefit and without concern for the total environmental effect on other nations or on world environment.

As time progresses, we shall be more and more dependent upon the sea for much of our food supply and larger nations must not only be prepared to share the bounty of the seas, but to accept the responsibility of protecting this supply from extinction.

The pending court case will be the first time in history in which the "Freedom of the Seas" has been tested in a court of law. Pursuing this case to the Supreme court level will involve substantial expenses and it could take over a year before a decision is rendered. For this reason, the Greenpeace III Legal Aid Fund has been established. This is the first time David McTaggart has gone to the public for financial support.

Receipts will be issued for Income Tax purposes by the Royal Bank branches for all donations to the Greenpeace III Legal Aid Fund and these donations can be made at any branch of the Royal Bank in British Columbia. Both Mr. Leggatt and myself are pleased also to offer our offices in Ottawa for this purpose and you may mail your cheques postage free to either John Reynolds, M.P., House of Commons, Ottawa or Stuart Leggatt, M.P., House of Commons, Ottawa and cheques made out to the Greenpeace III Legal Aid Fund will be forwarded to the Royal Bank where receipts will be issued.

I trust that you will give your financial support to this very worthy cause and if you have any questions, please do not hesitate to write either Mr. Leggatt or myself for any further information.

Thanks
John Reynolds, M.P.
Ottawa, Ontario
K1A 0X2

G.S. NO. 406

IN THIS ISSUE

Abbie pesters feds for files . . . 3
In Abbie Hoffman's own inimitable form, he writes to the U.S. Attorney General from his secret hiding place in the "underground". He requests a copy of his file on the many "crimes" he has committed—like, for example, wearing a shirt made out of a U.S. flag. His request is a response to the new Freedom of Information Act.

Home hunters advice . . . 6
The housing shortage and ineffective housing referral services together contribute to the tragic plight of home hunters. Herein are a few tips on some free services available to Vancouver renters.

Concert busts not an epidemic . 6
A massive dope-busting campaign at the Pink Floyd concerts in L.A. last April has caused concern amongst concert goers in Vancouver thanks to a newspaper report which said the presence of plainclothes at the

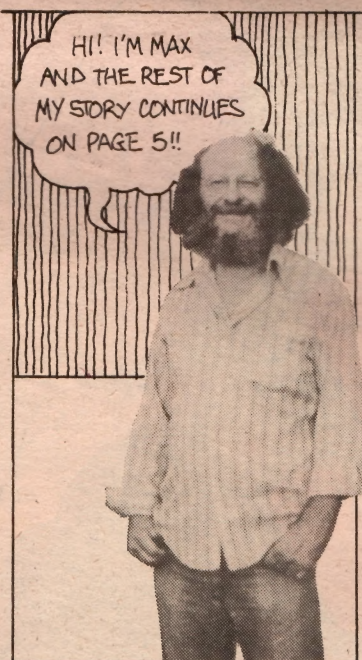
Cooper and Tull concerts was "the second time in Vancouver

rock concert history".

Prisoners hunger for Union . . . 6
Prison inmates will stage a hunger strike all across Canada this Sunday "to combat inhumane conditions", according to the Vancouver Prisoners Union Committee.

Eric Clapton . . . 13
On the Lord's Day, Sunday August 3rd, Vancouver saw a visitation from Eric Clapton closely accompanied by Carlos Santana. The Coliseum performance saw both playing well, but suffering from a poor sound system.

Bonjour Toulmonde . . . 4
Calendar Events . . . 10
Classified—Adult . . . 19
Classified—Straight . . . 17
Filmseen . . . 9
Heavens Above . . . 6
Mother Earth News . . . 7
Musical Notes . . . 15
Restaurants . . . 8
Theatre & Classical . . . 12



56A Powell Street
Vancouver, B.C. V6A 1E8
Phone [604] 688-3686
In Toronto [416] 923-2239

Publisher Dan McLeod

Editor Allan Earle/ Copy Editor Ken Fabok /Entertainment Editor Nicholas Collier/Advertising John Daly, Chris Stepien/Toronto Advertising Vents Baumanis/ Subscriptions Jim Maraccas/Calendar and Events D.A. Loh Smith/Production Janet Church (Typesetting), Bob Mercer (Layout), John Lang (Proofreading)

Georgia Straight is published every Thursday by Georgia Straight Publishing Ltd. and distributed by Greater Vancouver News GVN Ltd.

Subscriptions: Canada \$6/26 issues; \$11/52 issues. Overseas, Central and South America \$7/26 issues; \$13/52 issues. Second class mail registration number 0868.

Advertising: Display and classified rates on request. Retail Stores: Contact Mr. L.T. Robinson at 688-3686 if you wish to carry Georgia Straight in your store or newsstand.

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Abbie Hoffman**"Please ship file"**

Deputy Attorney General
Justice Dept.
Washington, D.C.
July 10, 1975

Dear Sir:

Well I'll be darn. What's this stuff about some freedom of Information Act? (See 1900.3 Federal Code.) As I understand it you guys have to turn over my file or a copy there of to me upon request.

We both realize a rather extensive file does exist now don't we? Through the years not only I, myself, but various lawyers and reporters have seen bits and pieces. I think it goes back some years. You started to pick me up about 1964 when with CORE we staged several sit-ins in your offices in Massachusetts.

In 1965 it was a field worker for SNCC and we were picketing the Holiday Inn in McComb, Mississippi. The maids there were earning only 49c an hour and we were protesting that fact. While the sheriff's department and members of the Klu Klux Klan were stomping the shit out of us, one of your agents leaned over my battered body and drawled, "Do you all feel your civil rights have been violated?" I can't recall his name.

I do, however, recall the name of Jack Mahoney of Worcester, Mass. Good ol' Jack and I used to play basketball after school almost every day. He ended up on your team. I ended up on ours. At a New Year's Eve Party, in 1972, Jack got a little plastered and told the party goers that he was engaged in harassing my relatives old friends and neighbors of such for some time.

Then there's agent Hunt or Hill. In the final days of September 1969 while preparing strategy with counsel for our Chicago Conspiracy Trial, something we all understood to be privileged information, we opened the door to our conference room and lo and behold there was a shaky agent Hill. Guess what he had in his god fearing hands! That's right an electronic listening device. I believe that's what the New York Times called it the next day. You can check the article quite easily to refresh your memory. It was Hill I'm sure. Hunt is another story.

As long as we're on the matter of listening devices, you guys must have a terrific selection. There were two wiretaps admitted to in the Chicago Trial. There were five taps admitted to in a Washington, D.C. incitement to riot and assault on a federal police officer. You remember how I assaulted the officer's club by getting my nose broken in six places.

God that was a time, huh gang! How I escaped from your compound in RFK Stadium and you searched for three days until 18 of your special agents (I never met an agent that wasn't special) discovered my wife and I entering our apartment.

Of course these seven wiretaps are chicken feed compared to the 144 taps on me uncovered in 5800 hours of tapes. Tapes you were recently ordered to turn over to a team of defense lawyers by a Washington, D.C. judge, bless his merry soul.

As I understand the law, all these taps were illegal. So in case there's a case of invasion of privacy. Tag! You are it. Consider yourself sued.

Wait there's more. A copy of the report you hired a University of Miami psychologist to prepare on Mr. J. Rubin and myself. And let's not forget recorded copies and notes of each and every speech I gave.

Often at universities, officials told me the FBI had requested two front row seats to record my lecture. Some you have already admitted to, for example University of Maryland 1969 and Oklahoma State University and Oklahoma U., in early 1971.

At the University of New Hampshire there were more of you guys than students. And it would be just terrific if you folks have a copy of my speech to the Harvard Law School. My lawyer really liked that one and we both knew you had a better collection than we could ever put together.

In fact, for the Harvard tape we'll trade you two University of Miami ones. Just in case you missed that one because of the ensuing riot your paid provocateur Cuban friends caused.

I would greatly appreciate your including a copy of my address book you confiscated and photographed in May 1971 during an arrest. I subsequently lost the real one and could use a few of those numbers.

What else? Special Agents John Robinson and Daniel Lucking's surveillance report of September 1968. Special Agent J.D. Anderson's report on me while I was changing little america's diapers in the Virgin Islands. His theory was that I was smuggling fugitives out of the U.S. God we were so lucky he and his companion didn't trample the marijuana growing in the yard.

I can't recall each and every arrest or encounter but there was one bust in September 1968 for carrying a concealed weapon aboard an aircraft. A small black pocket knife.

Now my final request could get sort of sticky but I am formally requesting all data related to your current campaign of harassment of friends, relatives and various radicals and hippy communalists, who I don't even know, in your attempt to apprehend me.

I really am anxious to see your report on my father's funeral, the copy of my father's will in your possession, interrogation of my mother-in-law and just exactly what was in my wife's refrigerator when you opened the door.

Then there's the raid on a Midwest commune and surveillance of rock singers and movie

actresses thought to be harboring. It seems you guys' fantasies are the same as mine. Wish they were true.

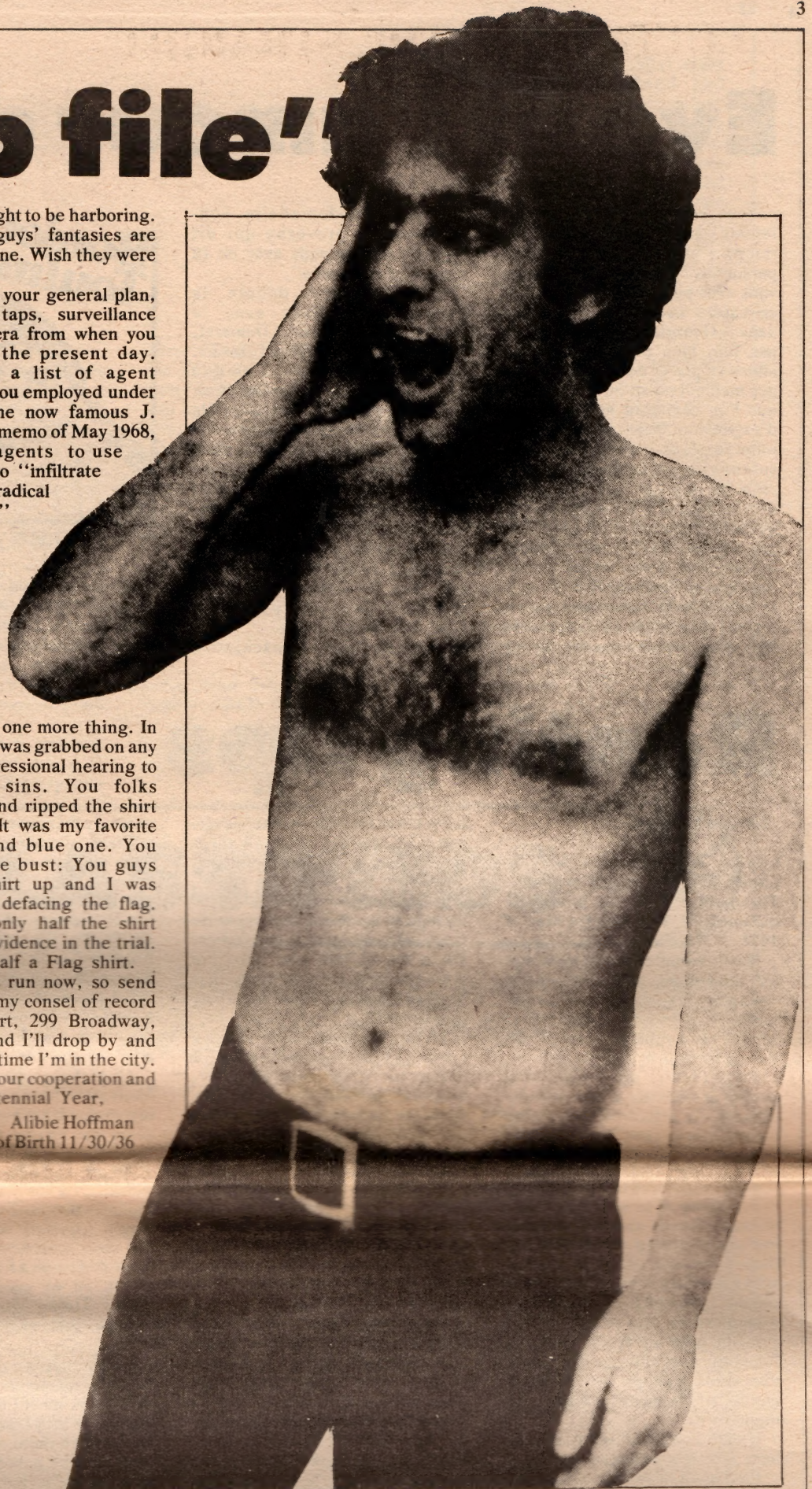
So just send your general plan, photographs, taps, surveillance reports, etcetera from when you started until the present day. Don't forget a list of agent provocateurs you employed under direction of the now famous J. Edgar Hoover memo of May 1968, instructing agents to use such people to "infiltrate and disrupt radical organizations."

And there's one more thing. In October 1968 I was grabbed on any way to a congressional hearing to confess my sins. You folks grabbed me and ripped the shirt off my back. It was my favorite red, white and blue one. You remember the bust: You guys ripped the shirt up and I was charged with defacing the flag. Right. Well only half the shirt ended up as evidence in the trial. You owe us half a Flag shirt.

Well I gotta run now, so send everything to my counsel of record Gerald Lefcourt, 299 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y., and I'll drop by and pick it up next time I'm in the city.

Thanks for your cooperation and Happy Bi-centennial Year.

Albie Hoffman
Date of Birth 11/30/36

**Free aid to renters**

by Edward Cepka

Less than 200 vacancies occurred in April of the 90,000 private rental apartments in Greater Vancouver, according to a recent

survey released by Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation.

The figure is an increase of only one-tenth of one percent over

December's total, a rate which the CMHC considers to be "effectively zero."

It doesn't look like the situation is going to get any better either. Only 155 unit — starts in multiple

unit dwellings were recorded for the month of May — a sad reversal from the 1,038 unit — starts for the same time last year.

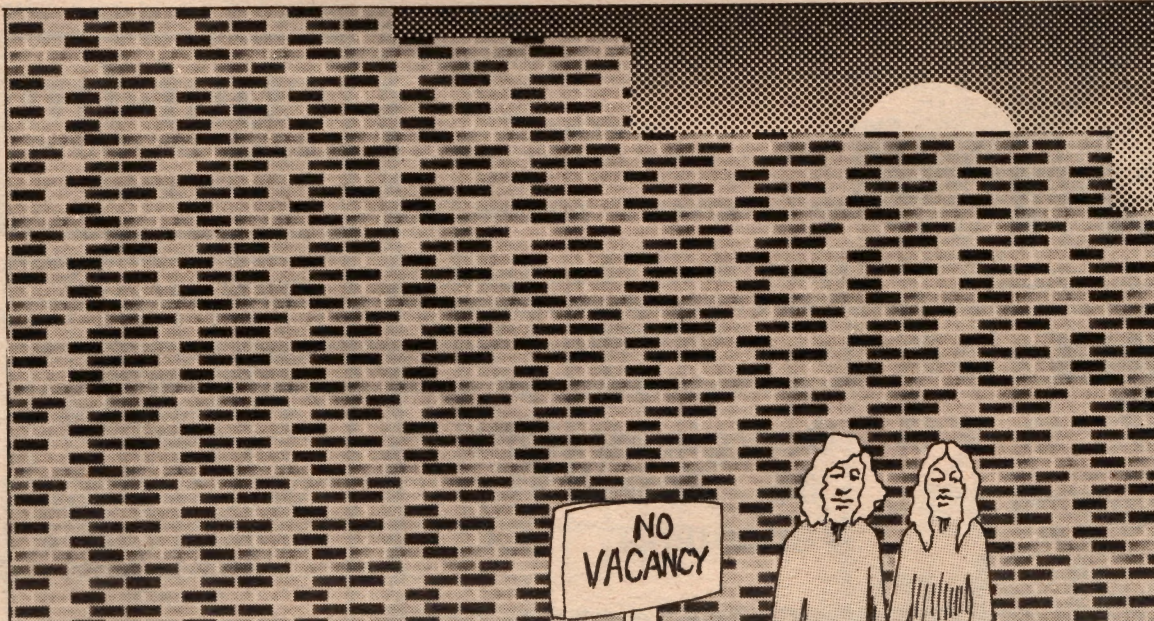
But very few of these units will be added to the stock of apartments available. Most are either condominiums, or subsidized public housing.

A combination of tight mortgage money and government rent increase controls has discouraged investment in the rental business.

The CMHC report also stated that row-housing starts from January to June are down 50 percent from last year. Take heart though, because single family dwelling starts are down only 36 percent for the first six months.

For a city with the distinction of having the most expensive real estate market in Canada, residential house prices have managed to remain stable for a whole year. The average residential price is in the neighbourhood of \$52,000.

Notwithstanding an acute housing shortage, the inventory of unoccupied, newly-finished



Continued on page 4

Eva et l'amour de l'église

Vous vous en êtes sûrement rendus compte, depuis un certain temps j'ai l'aide de quelques personnes. La semaine dernière vous avez pu jouer de la première caricature canadienne française dans le Georgia-Straight. Ce n'est pas fini, bien au contraire nous allons en placer de plus en plus et des meilleures, au fur et à mesure que l'on connaîtra nos capacités d'expansion. Voici maintenant le moment tant attendu, l'heure solennelle où vous connaîtrez enfin le nom de cette personne dont le crayon n'a d'égale que la performance psychologique de son usager, j'ai nommé; Made-moiselle Eve Arros, mieux connue sous le nom de Eva! OUF! Eva, je te souhaite la bienvenue parmi moi et j'espère que tu t'entendras bien avec tout le membre de ma

chronique hebdomadaire. Souviens-toi du proverbe qui dit "Quand tu t'entends avec un tu t'entends avec tous".

Cette semaine débute la chronique du livre avec la participation de Charles Demaret, de la librairie Le Bouquinier. Enfin, contrairement à ce que j'avais annoncé, Image-Ouest ne ferme pas en juillet mais bien à la fin août. Ils cherchent encore une jeune comédienne pour la pièce "Embarquez on ira pas vite". La personne en question devrait être libre pendant tout le mois d'août, septembre et début octobre. Si ça vous intéresse vous n'avez qu'à appeler à Image-Ouest 736-1024 ou chez Rejeanne 254-0229. Dépechez-vous les répétitions sont déjà commencées.

Il paraît que la machine a

Bonjour
Toulmonde



Jocelyn Cormier

accents s'en vient, la patron m'a dit qu'il l'avait commandée. Ça prendra sûrement un certain temps, les affaires en français a

Vancouver sont plutôt difficiles à se procurer. Quelqu'un de très pessimiste me disait qu'il n'y avait que deux façons de se procurer cette machine. La première est, d'aller au Québec, mais le Québec c'est loin à pied. Deuxièmement d'aller en France mais encore là, la France c'est très loin à la nage. Je n'ai pas porté attention à ces remarques et je vous conseil le d'en faire autant.

Si ça peut vous reconforter, la revue Mainmise (revue Cool de Montréal) ne possède pas non plus de machine à taper les accents. Vous voyez on est pas les seuls "Youppi".

L'ANNUAIRE FRANÇAIS DE VANCOUVER

He oui c'est encore nous autres. Cette fois-ci c'est pour vous parler un peu de ce qui se passe. Après tout il faut bien vous mettre au courant pour que vous continuez votre soutien moral. Pour commencer j'aimerais vous remercier pour votre collaboration tout au cours de la mise en chantier de l'annuaire. Présentement, nous savons avec certitude que la distribution de ce guide aura lieu début septembre. Tout fonctionne bien, les gens nous ont supporté et aides dans nos démarches et recherches. Mais il demeure un dernier point, nous aurons donc une fois de plus besoin de votre participation. Nous sommes lancés en pleine campagne de recrutement pour les fonds d'impression de notre annuaire. Comme nous avons une section "Pages Jaunes", c'est à l'aide de commanditaires que nous comptons nous auto-financer. Cette section vise à fournir aux intéressés le nom de commerçants il leur sera ainsi aisé de trouver tout ce qu'ils cherchent dans un même tout. C'est donc dans cet esprit que nous lançons notre appel au public. Tous les commerçants intéressés à s'inscrire dans nos pages jaunes, à un prix plus qu'abordable, n'auront qu'à communiquer avec nous, ou nous pourrons leur fournir tous les renseignements concernant notre section commanditaire.

Merci de votre collaboration

Lucie L.
3255 Heather
876-8514

LE LIVRE

L'été! Eh bien oui, depuis un mois déjà, il y a des gens qui se balladent à travers le pays, le sourire aux lèvres! Malheureusement ce n'est pas le cas pour tout le monde. En France par exemple, 41% des gens ne prennent pas de vacances durant l'été. Heureusement ici à Vancouver, on est gate! La mer d'un côté, les montagnes de l'autre et depuis quelque temps, le soleil au dessus de tout cela. Vous n'avez qu'à faire

quelques pas, une serviette sous le bras et un livre de l'autre, qui vous fera passer les quelques heures pendant les quelles vous prendrez cette couleur tant enviée. Mais que lire pendant les vacances. Il y a des gens qui lisent les journaux, les modes d'emploi, d'autres le TV Hebdo ou bien la dernière publicitee d'Electrolux.

Quand à moi, je préfère m'évader pendant quelques heures loin du quotidien. Se laisser emporter dans le monde fantastique d'Isaac Asimov, de la galaxie des Solaires de Normand Spinrad, dans le monde sans temps de Jacques Sternberg. Quelques auteurs parmi tant d'autres dans cette littérature peu reconnue qu'est la science-fiction. Avez vous déjà vu un roman de science-fiction gagner un prix goncourt ou un prix Nobel de la littérature?

Et puis pour ceux qui trouvent que c'est trop compliqué, il y a des romans d'humour. Pierre de Darios, San Antonio, Jean-Charles, Goscinnny et Uderzo (auteur) entre parenthèse d'Asterix, c'est déjà amusant. Le titre est mieux connu que ces auteurs. Peut-être qu'un jour décernera-t-on un prix Nobel à Asterix, plutôt qu'à ses auteurs.

Auteurs qui vous feront passer pour quelqu'un d'un peu cinglé qui rit tout seul dans son coin.

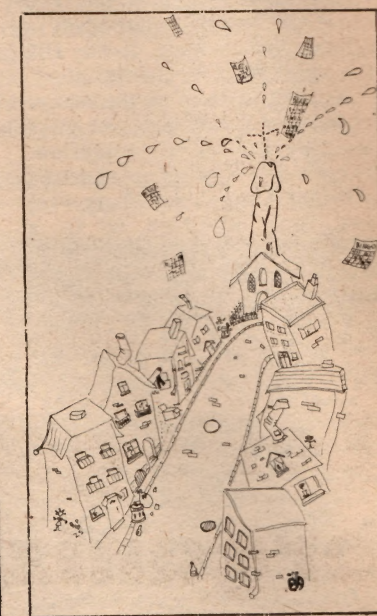
Et puis enfin ceux qui ont l'âme sensible, il y a la poésie. Des poètes connus comme André Breton, Supervielle, Jacques Prevert, Paul Elvard quelques uns qui firent partie du grand mouvement surréaliste.

Surréalisme, quel nom étrange! Au dessus du réalisme, la ou la vie devient un grand jeu, la ou les poètes s'amusent avec les mots et les idées comme un enfant avec un ballon. Prevert disait, "J'aime mieux tes lèvres que mes livres".

À défaut des unes, prenez les autres.

Charles Demaret

Les livres dont fait mention Charles Demaret, sont en vente à la seule librairie française de Vancouver; Le Bouquinier 1141 rue Davie, Tel: 687-5936.



POESIES EVASIVES

Au bout de ma rue
J'ai vu
Au bout de la rue sans arbres
ou les maisons saoules, tenant à
peine sur leurs pieds,
s'accoudaient
l'une sur l'autre, essayant de
rester
plus ou moins en ligne
J'ai vu
Un clocher d'église
penis gigantesque
éjaculant des cartes de Bingo
chaque samedi soir.

Eva!

Renting tips

Continued from page 3

houses and duplexes for the month of May stands at 1,131. This is in contrast — somewhat dubiously — with 482 for May of 1974.

Newly completed and unoccupied apartment and row houses (meaning expensive condominiums) reached a high of 1,203 in May. This compares with 473 for the same month last year.

Very simply, this means that people are finding it increasingly difficult to afford what's being built. Mortgages are running upwards of 11 percent, so if you're lucky enough to find something, things aren't looking good.

For those of us who ride buses instead of taxis and eat at home instead of dining out, renting is the only answer. Although dealing with a landlord is usually a hassle, consider yourself lucky if you have a landlord to deal with.

Looking for a place to live is no fun at the best of times. But when thousands of people are chasing a handful of vacancies, it becomes a nightmare.

If you're one of those thousands here is a few pointers.

First of all, if you have anything at all to do with the ripoff rental agencies, make sure it goes no further than throwing a brick through the window. We all know who I'm referring to. They're the people who cash in on your frustration by putting seductive little ads every few inches in the rental section of the classifieds.

The commercial rental agencies

have been banned in Vancouver, but still operate through their offices just across the municipal borders.

What they do is provide free listings to landlords and separate them into categories and zones. For a fee of \$30, you have the privilege of looking through their listings if you can elbow your way through the crowd.

These agencies sell you by implying that they have exclusive and secret information. However, a lot of their listings come straight from the classifieds. Their books are thick, but you soon discover that much of what they have is weeks out of date.

These agencies do not find you a place to live. They do not guarantee that you will find a place through their listings. These people are opportunists and are making a quick buck out of a crisis situation. Avoid them.

Many people don't realize that there are, at least, half a dozen agencies providing a better service for a better price. The price is, of course, free.

Red Door Rental Aid is, perhaps the best known. Phone them at 873-1671, tell them what you're interested in, and they will check it with what they have. Instant results are by no means guaranteed, but if you call every day you might get somewhere.

The **YWCA**, at 683-2531, provides an excellent service. Their listings are checked for quality and they will go out to see a place with you if necessary. From the YWCA you can get a list of

property managers in the city who will take your name and put you on their vacancy waiting lists.

Some other contacts you can try are **HARK** (Housing Assistance for Residents of Kitsilano) at 736-3588; **West End Housing Registry** at 687-5347; **Burnaby Rental Services** at 525-6658; and the **Lower Mainland Housing Registry** which deals with Coquitlam, Port Coquitlam, Surrey and New Westminster at 525-5376.

All of these agencies operate in basically the same way. They recommend that you keep in touch every day. Keep phoning them. Persistence will pay off.

All good advice aside, the most consistently successful method of finding a place to live is by word of mouth. Cultivate your friends like you would a garden and you will be rewarded when a friend of a friend moves on to greener pastures. When times get tight, it's collusion that can get you what you need.

Persistence is a good tactic with property managers. Get in touch with them; meet them if possible. Make sure they know who you are. Then phone them several times a week. But be polite, don't abuse. Even if you're not first on their list, they'll often give you a place that becomes available because you're the first person to come to mind.

Finding a place to live requires a creative approach and usually a considerable amount of energy. The days when you could find a place in an afternoon's stroll in Kits are gone forever. •

(please print)

Name

Address

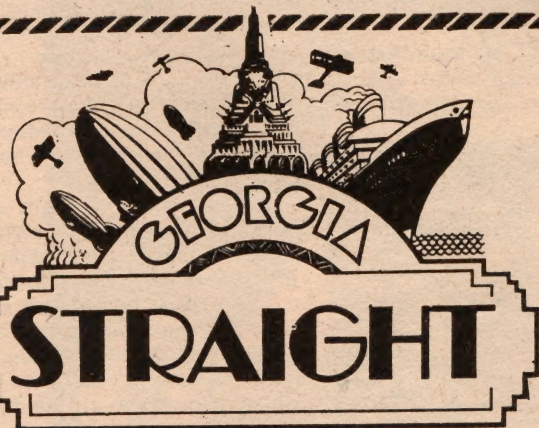
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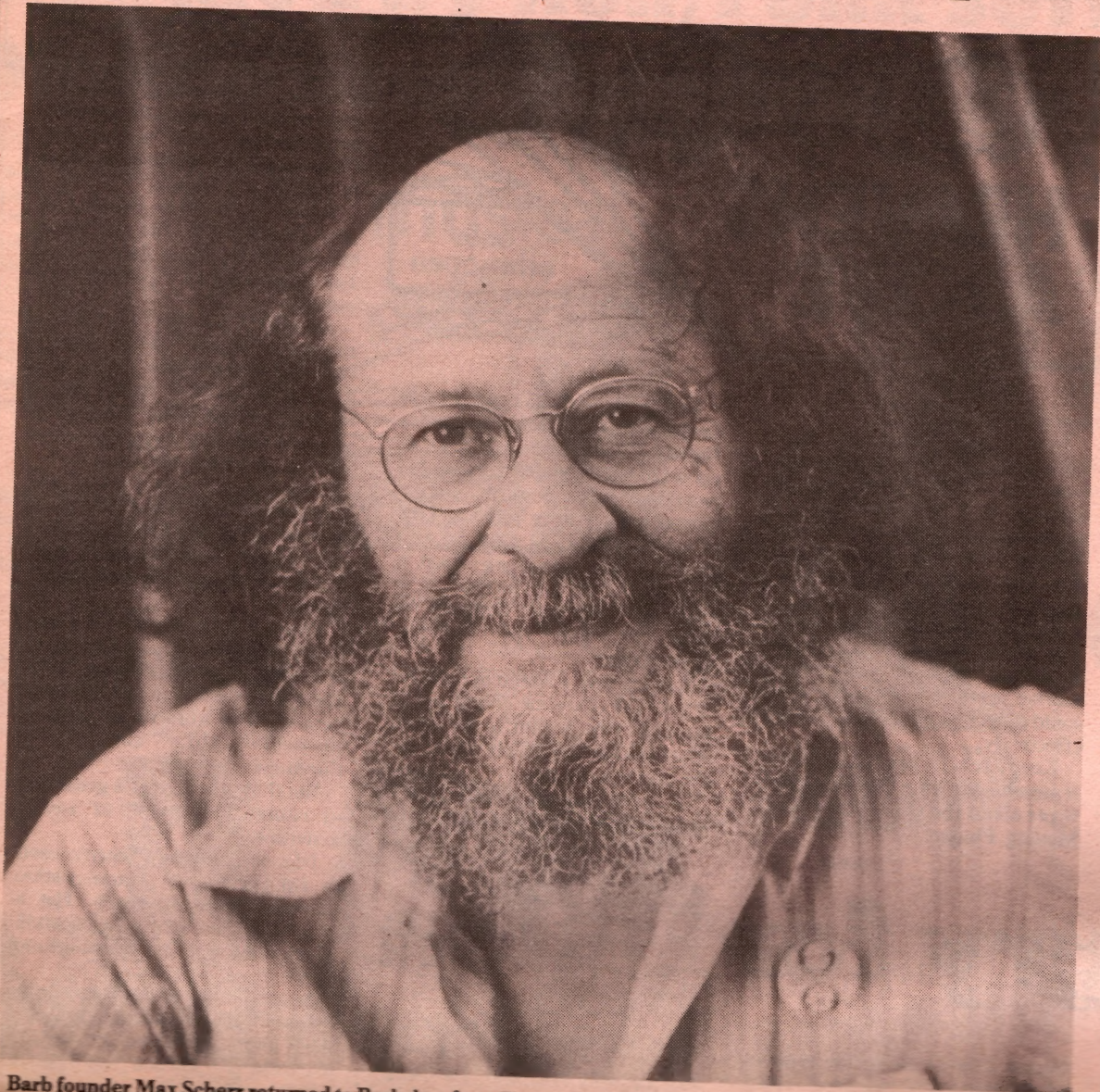
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'Don't kill us, kill Max'



Barb founder Max Scherr returned to Berkeley from Vancouver last week to celebrate the Barb's 10th birthday.

Continued from page 1

At the Straight office he spent most of the day on the phone trying to get an accurate account of what transpired since his departure. Briefly, this is how the affair unfolded from what Scherr could gather:

The Barb was called by the NWLF and told that a communique would be left at an appointed time and place. Schang and a freelance writer were sent to pick it up together. Instead of taking it back to the Barb and disseminating the information to other media from there, they took the communique to radio station KPFA.

"The reason they gave for doing this," Scherr says, "is that they didn't trust their own organization which is the phoniest thing I've ever heard." Schang, in fact, was in the process of unionizing the Barb at the time. "Yet she violated the Barb's procedures in handling communiques without seeking any kind of collective decision on the matter."

Handling communiques is precarious, because it is required by law that they be turned over to the authorities. The authorities can use them in the same way they use fingerprints: By noting the typeface used and the particular wear on each letter, they can, in theory, determine which typewriter was used to write the communique. From there it is a matter of finding it and taking the fingerprints off the keys.

The Barb had a method of dealing with communiques which would protect both the staff and the underground organization. KPFA didn't.

"They did what anyone at the Barb would go to jail before doing," Scherr asserts. "They turned the communique over to the cops on the advice of their attorneys."

For this betrayal of confidence on Schang's part, she was fired by the business manager.

"Well I might not have done that," says Scherr. "I probably would have asked her to stay away until I'd called a meeting with

regard to her actions. But I'll be goddamn...I'd have pushed to fire her."

The next communique from NWLF was in response to this firing. They demanded that she be rehired immediately and threatened to off the Barb staff.

"I guess they figured she made a mistake but had their best interest in mind by taking the message to a media with a larger audience," he assumed. Directly after the last communique, Schang replied by publishing a letter in the Bay Guardian saying they should instead kill Max Scherr and a few others.

That's as much of the fait accompli as Scherr could elicit from his phone calls to San Francisco.

He remained in Vancouver for the week then headed back to help celebrate the anniversary of the paper he started single-handedly ten years ago — Friday the 13th of August.

He was first inspired to start a "people's paper" while operating his own bar in Berkeley called the Steppenwolf. "We really had a wide spectrum of clientele," Scherr recalls, "from A.J. Kroger and Mike Harrington to poets like Allen Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac as well as members of the Hell's Angels and Hangmen."

It was rumored around the bar in February 1965 that there would be a paper forming along the lines of a consumer co-op entitled The Citizen. Three months later The Citizen put out a newsletter announcing they would start publishing the first of August.

When the paper failed to come out three days beyond their deadline, Scherr complained openly about how you can never depend on those liberals. "It was really entirely spontaneous, in the spirit of the counter culture," Scherr explains. At that moment I decided to put out a paper." The following Friday the first issue of the Barb rolled off the press. But there was one snag. He had no way to distribute it. Thus, Scherr became the first counter-culture street-vendor in the Bay area.

The Barb was originally laid out on the kitchen table of his home on Oregon Street with the help of a handful of Scherr's compatriots. In the beginning their attention was directed at awakening people to the implications of the Vietnam War.

The Barb started out as an eight-page broadside designed by Scherr, for the first eight years its editor and publisher.

At its best, the San Francisco

Bay Area weekly has served the catalytic function its founder had in mind quite well. At its worst, advertising policies have engendered a legacy of ill with its present staffers are still trying to defuse.

The Barb's roots in modern American underground press go deep. Second only to the Los Angeles Free Press in longevity, the Barb was a co-founder, along with the Freep, the East Village Other, The Paper and the San Francisco Oracle of what was then UPS in 1966.

Although a far cry from the official mouthpiece of the Movement, the early Barb aligned itself with the Free Speech Movement at the University of California and The Vietnam Day Committee headed by Jerry Rubin. As it struggled through early issues, its antiwar stand grew in popularity and the paper eventually discovered its source of notoriety: sex and the psychedelic.

When the hip subculture that was to leave its indelible imprint on the Sixties began coming out of the closets of the U.S. and Canada, Scherr was among the first to recognize its significance. As a result, the Barb stretched beyond the borders of Berkeley and broadened the scope of its coverage considerably.

The paper paid an early emphatic attention to the blossoming of Haight-Ashbury; picked up a column by Timothy Leary from EVO entitled, "Turn On, Tune In and Drop Out", and shifted its musical focus from folk and blues to rock — mostly under the aegis of a column by Ed Denson, who doubled as manager of Berkeley's resident drugs and revolution band, Country Joe and the Fish.

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Let's get organized

On Friday August 8 Vancouver will see what may be the city's first real conference of unorganized labour.

The day-long event will take place in the Unitarian Church Hall at 949 W. 49th (corner of Oak and 49th) from 9:30 am to 4 pm and is aimed at exploring the possibility of unionizing community workers such as those temporarily employed through grants, according to Judy Patterson of the Company of Young Canadians.

"There are a lot of questions to be answered," Patterson told the Straight. "What commit-

ment has labour to the unorganized? Can community workers be effective in a collective bargaining situation?"

To help answer these questions and others that may arise a labour lawyer and representatives from the Canadian Union of Public Employees, the B.C. Government Employees Union and the Service Office and Retail Workers Union of Canada will be on hand.

For further information contact Judy Patterson at 874-4669 or Carolyn Jerome at 879-8359.

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Be Good To People Week

Of the 14 major aspects we're looking at this week, only five can be reckoned as oppressive, so the positive outweighs the oppressiveness by two to one.

Use the cosmic geniality to inject progress, joy, harmony, peace and love into your life: the aspects are mostly of the sort where reaching out will get results, while closing out the world will find you just where you started.

Thursday, August 7: Moon conjunct Mercury and Sun, square Mars, trine Jupiter. Leo and Aquarius receive a tremendous jolt of vital energy. Whatever your immediate goals are, stretch out a hand to wherever aid can be given: if it's Joe Public who can help, then present your case, advertise or do whatever else is needed to publicize your cause. If you need to smooth the way with help from a partner, speak and act positively. You'll find short journeys are better than sitting still: telephone or writing is preferable to keeping silent. But however you handle the day, do something to allow the cosmic forces a channel of expression.

Scorpio and Taurus receive energy of equal force, but tending

— unless you're careful — toward disharmony. Easy today to show off your anger, or to become prickly over petty daily annoyances.

Emotional irritability can cause a painful domestic split or a job termination when you least need it. Don't do any major shopping today — impulsiveness will make you buy foolishly, and you'll be sorry before the weekend.

Aries and Sagittarius find themselves into a scene of increased prosperity and harmonious well-being. A memory of past advice, possibly from parents, can place emphasis on improving family life.

Meetings held in your home, whether for social, cultural or meditational purposes, can go with a swing, and don't be surprised if there's an extra person at breakfast on Friday.

Friday, August 8: Moon square Neptune. Your turn, Virgo, Pisces, Gemini and Sagittarius: your subconscious mind gets a zodiacal prod. The effects depend on exactly how screwed up your head is: you'll know before midnight strikes just how stable or



unstable you are.

In extreme cases, up come hallucinations to haunt you. Lesser cases can expect strange dreams and peculiar moods, inappropriate to existing circumstances. That last goes either way: you may weep at a comedy, or giggle at a funeral.

This unreality can affect your livelihood. Certainly buying on credit or borrowing money is unwise today, and your fantasies could affect your ability to work effectively.

Keep a rein on your imagination remembering what Ted Fitzgerald wrote about the Omar Khayyam Moving Finger.

Saturday August 9: Moon conjunct Venus, Mercury trine Jupiter. Pisces, Gemini and Virgo get warm vibes, radiating towards creativity. Today you can create a unique masterpiece with the flow of internal energy, with the end result being anything from a watercolor of the harbor to a bouncing baby boy: depends on how you use the energy, understand?

A call to visit a friend in hospital or jail may come, or giving aid to someone who is shut in for some other reason will likely figure in the day's activities.

A social evening would go well and the friends you encounter are

likely to be warmer and more harmonious than average.

Brain stimulation rocks Leo, Aries and Sagittarius. You'll find your outlook is mentally positive, constructive and optimistic. Communicating worthwhile ideas to others is a breeze.

Travel — whether planned or not — is delightful, and you'll find the day filling some gap in your life education in a pleasurable manner.

Sunday, August 10: Moon conjunct Pluto, trine Mars, Mercury square Mars. If anyone's looking for stability today, forget it. With people being affected in so many differing ways, the scene will be anything but calm.

Libra, Aries and Cancer are upheaved: the disappearance from the scene of a family member can cause disturbance, and residential changes seem in the air again.

Taurus, Capricorn and Virgo find emotions of patriotism or fan-worship swelling within. Note the spirited defense of country or hero coming from those signs if they feel their security is threatened.

But they'll also have a great day of romantic, sexual or social activities.

Leo, Aquarius and Scorpio need to zip their lips: argumentative describes their approach. Not a favorable time for communication of any kind, and spats are all too likely.

Several members of these signs will be involved in accidents due to their own aggressive behaviour, and others will find themselves admiring the graffiti on a cell wall. Travel is poorly aspected, and gossip can have an advance effect.

The news of mob rule in Europe, and the results of the U.S. floods will be dying down by now, having made the news wires since Friday.

Monday, August 11: Moon opposition Jupiter. While the rest of us sail on in much the same shape as we created for ourselves on Sunday; Aries, Libra, Sagittarius and Cancer feel the most changes today.

They'll be hot to trot into the nearest beauty shop, furniture store, shmotte market or other place of financial outlay, and then spend September regretting it as the creditors start baying.

Food and liquor will also be high on their list of priorities, and they'll tend to promise more than they can deliver. Moderation in everything would be a good motto for the day.

Tuesday, August 12: Moon square Saturn, conjunct Uranus. Luna is liable to wake up the brooding Saturn-Uranus-Jupiter T-square which is a feature of the August sky. (It doesn't finally fade until September 19). The same four signs as on Monday had better turn up their collars and open their bumbershoots, while the rest of us smile in sympathy.

Limitations and hardships are a feature of the day, and feelings of personal isolation and loneliness will occur. A good day to mix with positive happy people, and not disappear into a closet to stay moody and depressed.

Wednesday, August 13: Moon square Sun. Now it's Leo, Aquarius, Taurus and Scorpio who can go out in the garden and eat worms. Home and business are irritating, and health patterns look less than perfect. Keep clear of Mom or your sister today: you'll receive a hard time if you push your luck in that direction.

So ends the seven days, on a downbeat. But notice, as promised at the beginning, that failure to relate to your fellows is the chief cause of friction this week. Keep it light and smiling, and the living is easy. •

Inmates hungry for Union

by Ken Fabok

The Prisoners Union Committee (PUC) has announced a one-day nation wide hunger strike for Sunday, August 10, to express solidarity for a prisoners' union at penal institutions across Canada.

PUC spokesperson Keith Baker says contact has been made with prisoners on the prairies, in Ontario, Quebec and

as far as Nova Scotia, and that "the idea of a one day hunger strike is spreading like wild fire."

B.C. Pen inmates staged a total work stoppage for six days last month to call attention to their demands and prisoners at the Matsqui Institution went out for a day in support of them.

At present, prisoners at Millhaven Penitentiary are engaged in a work stoppage which

began July 31 as an expression of support for the B.C. Pen action and a beginning of a Millhaven campaign to unionize. The Millhaven strike is scheduled to last until Sunday.

So far the Federal government has turned a deaf ear to the prisoner's peaceful pleas, but the campaign for the unionization is just starting to wind into a higher gear.

The PUC has issued the following statement:

"The Prisoners Union Committee voices its full support for the striking prisoners at the Millhaven Penitentiary.

"With unanimous solidarity, the prisoners at Millhaven are demonstrating again that the strikes at the B.C. Pen, Matsqui and Oakalla represent the emergence of determined, non-violent collective strength amongst all Canadian prisoners.

"The issues are the same: The fight for fundamental, political, economic and social rights.

"The strategy is the same: Formation of a Prisoners Union to combat inhumane conditions.

"We urge all prisoners and other Canadians to give their active support to these aims and to publicly join in the spirit of the Millhaven strike.

"The Millhaven prisoners have announced that they are on strike until August 9 and that they will hold a hunger strike on August 10.

"We understand that prisoners in other institutions across the country are preparing to express their support for Millhaven and a national Prisoners Union, by joining in the August 10 hunger strike."

On August 4, PUC sent a telegram to Solicitor-General Warren Allmand, again asking that he recognize the Prisoners Union and that negotiations begin immediately over the prisoners' demands.

The telegram also referred to the Farris inquiry in which PUC stated: "In response to the massive cover-up carried on by the B.C. Pen Commission of Inquiry, prisoners' tried to present sworn affidavits to the inquiry and to have legal representation at its hearings. All such honest efforts were met with complete refusals."

The telegram ended with a challenge directed to Allmand in which PUC claimed "your public responsibility is to respond positively to non-violent collective action by prisoners who are struggling to achieve fundamental political, economic and social rights." •

No narcs at Clapton

by Ken Fabok

Local concert goers have expressed concern lately over the massive dope busts that almost destroyed the Pink Floyd concert in Los Angeles last

April, fearing the dilemma is beginning to spill over the border and into Vancouver.

Their fears weren't lessened

any with the presence of plainclothes at the Cooper and Tull concerts at the PNE of June 23 and July 24, respectively. The Sun reported that 14 were busted at the former and 12 at the latter with a statement on July 25 that read: "It was the second time in Vancouver rock concert history that plainclothes police had patrolled the Pacific National Exhibition grounds looking for drug offenders."

The Clapton concert of last Sunday, however, was peaceful. The narcs weren't anywhere in the capacity crowd — just a handful of the uniformed finest.

The Cooper and Tull totals were peanuts compared to the 512 total of the five-night Floyd gig.

Nassau Coliseum in Uniondale, New York, reports 894 busts in two years.

The Los Angeles incident, however, was a blatant display of redneck discrimination. And in Uniondale the narcs scan cars parked 100 yards across a huge lot with high-powered binoculars, moving in for the kill on orders from a walkie-talkie.

As one person described, the Vancouver plainclothes "are 30 year old short-hairs who wear hippie clothes and walk around saying 'hey man.'" No style.

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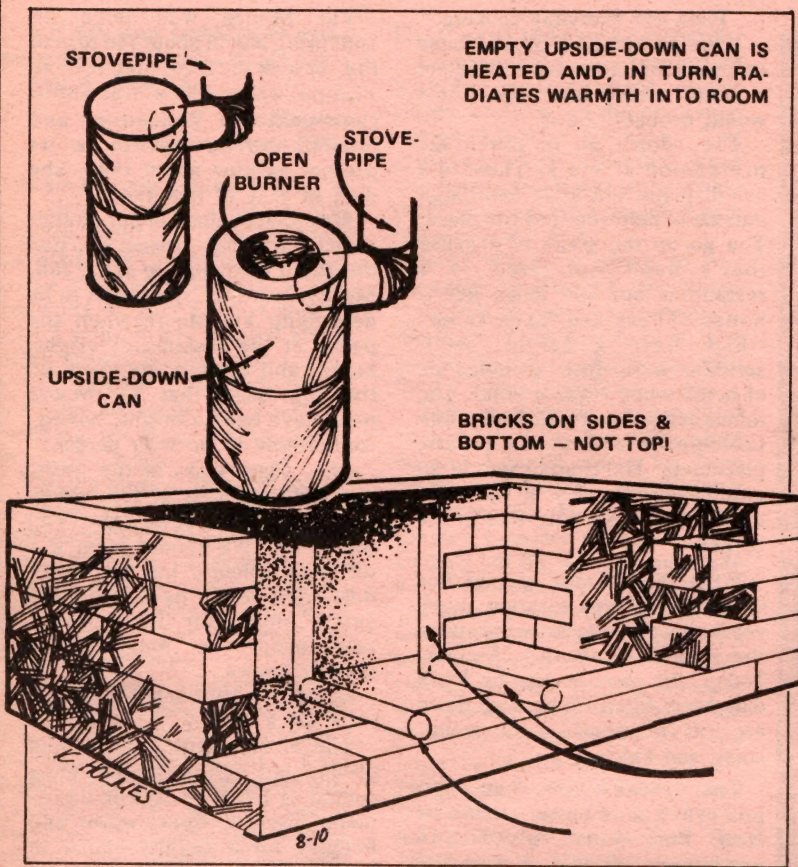
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Build a sawdust stove



One of the simplest fuels for cooking and for heating the house in winter is sawdust — a waste product which is usually thrown away and which, therefore, is obtainable free or at nominal cost.

Sawdust will burn properly only in a specially constructed stove, which is very simple to make and costs practically nothing. The fuel always lights with only one match in such a unit and can be kept ablaze for long periods — six, eight or even 12 hours if desired — with absolutely no smoke, no blowing or fanning and no refueling.

Once lighted, such a stove burns until all the fuel it contains is consumed. It can then be recharged and lighted again. Such a device is ideal where steady heat is required for hours with no attention (to provide day-long hot water, for instance, or to keep a sickroom cozy and warm through a chilly winter's night).

To make a sawdust stove, take a large paint can, remove the top and cut a two-inch hole in the middle of the bottom. Set the container up on three legs, and the stove is ready.

The only "tool" you'll need to make your burner work is a smooth, round stick or length of water pipe which will fit through the hole in the bottom of the can. It should be long enough to protrude four inches above the can's top edge when the shaft is passed vertically through the stove and its lower end rests on the ground.

It is absolutely essential that the fuel for this stove be bone dry. If it's slightly damp, it will smoke; if it's very damp it won't light at all.

Dry sawdust burns wonderfully well — sometimes even with a blue flame — and is entirely smokeless. It does give off some fumes, however, and the room where the stove is in use must be well ventilated.

To load the burner, insert the stick or pipe through the hole in the bottom of the can and hold the shaft straight up while you pour sawdust around it. Every now and then, as you fill the container, press the fuel down — the harder the better — to make it tight and compact.

When the can is full, completely cover the top of the sawdust with a thin, even layer of sand or ashes. Then twist the pipe back and forth and carefully pull it out of the packed fuel. You'll have a neat hole — which will act as a chimney right through the mass.

The sawdust stove is easy to

light. Just crumple a sheet of newspaper accordion-fashion and push it gently down the chimney until it protrudes at the bottom. Put a match to the lower end, and the homemade heating unit will require no further attention whatever until the fuel is completely consumed.

The powdered wood burns from the center outward, the hole gradually increasing in diameter until there is no sawdust left and the flame dies out. The rate of consumption is about an inch and a half to two inches per hour (the figure varies slightly with the quality of the fuel and how tightly it's packed).

A stove one foot in diameter will burn about six hours, and one eight inches across will operate long enough to cook a meal and produce some hot water to wash the pots and pans.

The amount of heat produced is regulated by the depth of the chimney: the longer the chimney, the hotter the flame. A tall, narrow stove will become very hot for a relatively short time; a broad, squat model will give a gentler heat for a longer period; and a tall,

wide drum will burn both long and hot. Calculate the dimensions to suit your requirements.

The basic design can be adapted to special purposes. For example, a good sawdust-fired kitchen range can be constructed in either of two ways:

(1) Two or more legless drum stoves can be bricked in, with a small opening below each to admit air and remove ashes.

(2) The stove can be built of brickwork alone, without drums, and a two-inch round hole made through the wall into the bottom of the firebox.

This second model is filled with the help of two sticks or pipes. One is first pushed through the front opening at least as far as the center of the stove, and the other is held upright so that it rests on the horizontal rod. Then the unit is packed with fuel and both sticks are drawn out.

The basic sawdust burner may be modified into a space heater to dry laundry on a rainy day or warm a living room on a cold night. To adapt a can stove for this purpose, a second container (with its top removed) is turned upside down and fitted snugly onto the upper rim of the heater. This radiates warmth into the room.

An opening is made in the upper chamber, near the top, to receive a stovepipe which carries any fumes out through a wall or window. If desired, a hole with a removable cover could be cut in the top to make an open burner for heating a kettle.

Whether you decide to modify the basic sawdust burner or not, you'll find the device presents a most efficient means of using a common waste. You'll also find that it produces steady, reliable heat for cooking and/or warmth.

The sawdust stove is a great idea, but don't stop there. Did you know you can burn wood to run your car? For more information about "product gas," send 25 cents and a long, stamped, self-addressed envelope to The Mother Earth News, in care of this newspaper, Box 4994, Des Moines, Iowa 50306. Ask for Reprint No. 193, "How to Run Your Car on Wood." •

(Released by The Register and Tribune Syndicate, 1975)

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Folklore has ways unending of helping you to predict the weather. "Rain before seven will stop by eleven." Often true. "If the sun shines while it's raining, it will rain again tomorrow." Very often true. "Whirlwinds bring rain tomorrow." Also very often true. "Heavy morning fog portends a nice day." Usually true. "When smoke hangs low, expect rain." Always true. "Rain from the east will last 24 hours at least." In my experience, always true. And a snowstorm that moves in from the east, ditto ... at least in the section of Pennsylvania where I live.

It's when folklore tries to predict weather by the calendar that it gets as daffy as the fellow who plants by the zodiac.



"Whatever weather you have on St. Swithun's Day (July 15), you'll have for 40 more days." "Ice in early November means the rest of the winter will be mild." And so on. Mere drollery.

I'm not so sure, however, that the legend about St. Martin's Day—November 11—isn't true. This date (the English call it St. Martin's Little Summer) is always supposed to be warm and doggone if it usually isn't. I've kept close records for a number of years now and almost every November 11th (or sometimes the 10th or 12th) will be a beautiful, summer day ... again, at least in my part of Pennsylvania.

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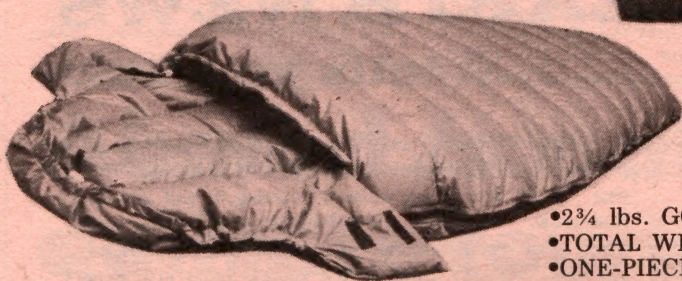
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"Plain old everyday cooking."

If Vie's Chicken & Steak House on Union Street were ever to select a motto, which isn't likely, this would probably be it.

They don't go in much for pretension at Vie's. There's a small, plain, old style neon sign outside to help you find the place. You go up the stairs of a house that's been converted to a restaurant but still looks like a house. There are three rooms which have a bright, well-scrubbed look which reminded me of home when I was a child. The tables are covered with thick white tablecloths and green plastic placemats. The chairs come in an assortment of styles. If you want music, there is a juke-box in the corner.

When Vie Moore opened her restaurant at this location thirty years ago, there were two items on the menu: steak and chicken. Today, the place is run by Vie's daughter, Ellen Clark, and there are still two items on the menu: steak and chicken.

The steak you can get porterhouse, t-bone, sirloin or New York cut, onions and mushrooms optional, and cooked rare, medium-rare, or as you like it.

The chicken comes deep fried. Kentucky fried?

Mrs. Clark gives you a look over her long cigarette holder which tells you exactly what you can do with your goateed Colonel and his slicky advertising campaign.

"You made a big mistake saying that," she smiles, "Just plain deep fried."

Vie Moore was born on Saltspring Island about the turn of the century, later moved to Victoria where Ellen was born, then came to Vancouver and opened her restaurant in its present location about 1945. She died in May of this year.

Mrs. Clark speaks of her mother as being a vibrant person who had the gift of enjoying life to the full. Mostly, however, she seems to be describing Vie Moore when she points at the restaurant; bright, homey and comfortable. You get the impression that Vie Moore must have been a bright, homey, comfortable to be with person.

Mrs. Clark looks at the walls, cheerfully painted in red, green and cream. "Sometimes she (Vie) would say 'We should paint it a different colour', but we never did." The walls have been the same colours for thirty years, re-painted how many times nobody knows.

Being in a carnivorous mood, I went for a steak.

The meal began with a small green salad, lightly dressed, and a couple of heavenly sweet home-made biscuits, light, warm and begging for a healthy smear of butter. Ellen prepares steak by

sprinkling it with salt and pepper, cooking to order, then coating with butter and a finely chopped mixture of garlic and parsley (\$6.25). You can, and I did, have mushrooms (60c) and/or onions (60c) on top. With it came french fries and peas. The meat was a fair portion, juicy and tender and cooked just the way I like it.

All of which was served by Judy, who has a personality as cheerful as the surroundings.

With the meal, I had a cup of coffee. Vie's doesn't have a liquor licence, but friends say that they've taken along a bottle of something without arousing suspicion. It is, of course, illegal, and not encouraged by the management.

Later, the person who tipped me to the place told me, belatedly, that I should have had the chicken, which he says is crisp, juicy and just out of this world. Next time.

At \$4, it is also cheaper. For this you get half a chicken.

Speaking of chicken. Ellen says that when her own children want chicken and she doesn't feel like cooking, she goes to Churche's, which is located on Hastings with another location on Fraser Street.

When asked how she prepares her own chicken, Mrs. Clark said, "Shake it with flour, add salt and pepper and deep fry. Just plain old everyday cooking."

That would make a damn good motto. •

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ROLLERBALL
Directed by Norman Jewison
Written by William Harrison
Starring James Caan, John Houseman
At the Stanley

Jonathan E.'s dilemma is one that we recognize immediately if not sympathetically, in spite of its 21st century time-fix. The sports pages and gossip columns of our newspapers are filled with the activities of contemporary, 'real life' Jonathans.

These super-star athletes command incomes and life-styles which make most of us grovel in envy and disgust. The justification is, of course, that the athlete's earning years are limited and, in the case of contact sports, his most precious commodity — his body — is continually endangered. It is a sound enough argument yet remuneration in some cases far outstrips what is reasonable and points up a society whose values and priorities are badly warped.

Rollerball shows us a society which is excessively well ordered but at least as off kilter as our own in several respects. The protagonists Jonathan E. (James Caan), is an inter-corporate (read: international) world star of the Number One spectator sport, Rollerball. This bruising game combines elements of roller/ice hockey, football, roller derby and incorporates 125cc Honda motor-bike-riding players as well as skaters. Jonathan has survived 10 years in the game gaining both impressive celebrity and material rewards.

But star that he is, Jonathan is not a free agent in the sense that we recognize Joe Namath or Bobby Hull. He is a product of the Corporation City State — a totalitarian cradle-to-grave society which is benevolent towards all but those who 'interfere with management decisions'.

And Jonathan is bucking the management's decision that he retire gracefully from the game.

You'd think he would be happy to quit the stupid, vicious game!

Ten years of going in circles around an eighth-of-a-mile wooden track, chasing or carrying a steel ball and bashing heads and faces in, would seem to have its limitations. Afterall, Jonathan's material and carnal needs are lavishly fulfilled by the Energy Corporation. He has a splendid ranch, horses and luscious new

room mate as often as he chooses. Could he not retire happily and then diversify—perhaps taking up lepidopterology???

Mais non! Jonathan E. is cast in the classic heroic mold. That special chemistry which has made him a super-star of Rollerball pervades his 'civilian' life. He is not content to rest on his laurels. He is not happy that 'they' have made the decision for him. None of this 'Ours is not to reason why...ours is but to do or die'...baloney. Johnny Boy wants to know why.

His interview with the august Chief-Exec. of the Energy Corporation, Bartholemew (played with the usual patrician condescension by John Houseman), brings him to no satisfactory conclusion. In between games, (the Championship finals, of course), Jonathan goes to Geneva

to ask the world's omniscient computer, Zero, possessor of all the planet's knowledge and information. Keeper of the computer is one kindly, charming, befuddled old gent—portrayed with hilarious success by Sir Ralph Richardson. A stout kick to the computer's shins and a straightforward question brings forth a statement of the obvious. Zero's circular, obfuscating reply tells Jonathan nothing new but reinforces his determination to stay in the game.

Unable to gently persuade our hero, or bribe him with sweeter 'reason', the Corporation decided to eliminate him at his 'own game', as it were!

The rules for the second to last playoff game are altered slightly. Substitutions are eliminated so that neither team is allowed to rest its big guns. Just before this game between Jonathan's Houston team and the finalists from Tokyo, we watch a very revealing locker room scene, (no THAT is not what I mean...) A martial arts expert has been asked to brief the Houston boys on the unique Tokyo style of play.

Somehow this particular segment capsulizes much of what the film is attempting to say and personifies what is both elemental and totally frightening about humanity in crowds, as a group — and in Rollerball. The Oriental expert is beginning to brief Houston on the crucial pressure points of the human body; where to hit and hurt the most, as the Tokyo players are likely to do. Olie Moonpie (John Beck), who is a Houston star, and a good buddy to Jonathan, is openly sceptical—even scornful of the 'little Japs' ability. His method is simply smash 'em in the face' and so he incites his team-mates to a chorus of Houston....Houston—the chanting becomes a measured, threatening war cry and the lecturer is overpowered by sound and energy, backed into a corner and the team's cry segues into the roar of the crowd at the game. (A particularly effective and frightening bit; this reminded me of Lord Of The Flies — remember the boys all chanting Kill The Pig, Kill



FILMSEEN/ HASLETT CUFF

The Pig???)

With the rules thus altered, the big boys from Houston meet the Kamikaze little guys from Tokyo. The visitors are extremely fast and indeed, stylistically innovative. With revolting poetic justice Moonpie is brought down and beaten unconscious by a group of Tokyo players. (Note that it takes a 'group'!)

Seeing Moonpie mutilated, our hero Jonathan charges in with renewed fire and quickly scores a winning goal while singlehandedly destroying the Tokyo team.

We then have a brief interlude in which Jonathan's sentimentally lamented ex-wife (Maud Adams), tries to persuade him to quit.

The final game between Houston and New York is meant to be

climactic. It is a no-time-limit fight to the final caper and the bloodshed escalates in tandem with the fever of the crowds (in the movie and 'outside' the movie??)

I did not find Rollerball to be especially effective as either spectacle or sociological comment.

The futuristic elements are nicely underplayed and subtly muted so that we can identify ourselves. Those scenes which don't deal with Rollerball action successfully capture a sense of numb lethargy which might be expected of a society in which poverty, hunger, sickness and war have been eliminated.

Overall, however, hangs an oppressive, brutally stupid sense of pointlessness which undermines the critical thrust of the film's thesis. Endowing a super-jock with existential/heroic qualities is too silly for me to accept at this point in time.

I felt almost as debased and simpleminded watching this expensively-failed cinematic metaphor as I would being present at an N.H.L. hockey game — and I have come to expect much more from films. Rollerball does not so much exploit violence as trivialize it. It is simulating something which is already essentially false. You can do better Mr. Jewison! •

Disney Lawyers: Don 't fuddle with our duck

[ENS] The ever-vigilant copyright attorneys at Walt Disney Productions are fixing their sights on a new English-language edition of a book published in England called "How To Read Donald Duck."

The book was written by two Chilean literary critics several years ago and published during the Allende regime. When the Chilean military overthrew the government, the "Donald Duck" book was one of the first to be banned and burned by the right-wing reformers.

The book suggests that Donald Duck and his cronies are nothing more or less than imperialist stooges set on oppressing the Third World, maligning the working class and wrecking family harmony.

In fact, the Walt Disney comic books and strips in Chilean newspapers are blatantly political. The storylines and dialogue are all written locally to go with the syndicated drawings. For

instance, in one strip two vultures — named Marx and Hegel — are attacking Jimminy Cricket who warns the readers that "firearms are the only things these bloody birds are afraid of."

In another, Donald and his nephews foil an attempt by some revolutionaries to steal natural gas resources in a Third World country. The revolutionaries are punished as crooks, and the friendly natives are convinced by Donald to let a multinational gas company take over control of the gas reserves.

The book, published now for the first time in English, promises in the introduction to "reveal the squalid of capitalist ideology behind the laughing mask" of Donald Duck, and to unveil "the iron fist beneath Mickey Mouse's glove."

Disney attorneys are reportedly considering copyright infringement action against the Chilean authors. •

DAVID CARRADINE
DEATH RACE
2000
HELD OVER!

A CROSS COUNTRY
ROAD WRECK!

IN THE
YEAR 2000
HIT AND RUN
DRIVING IS
NO LONGER
A FELONY.
IT'S THE
NATIONAL SPORT!

STARTS
FRIDAY

Odeon
881 GRANVILLE
682-7468

Hyland
KINGSY at KNIGHT
876-3045

Totem
1421 LONSDALE
N. Van. 985-2722

Hillcrest
DRIVE-IN
18694 Fraser Hwy
576-2033

CORONET: 12:20-2-4-6-8-10
SUNDAY 2-4-6-8-10
SUBURBANS: 7:30, 9:30
MATURE—Frequent scenes of brutal violence
—R. McDonald, B.C. Director

Events: August 7-15

Thurs 7

Moon in Leo

- **Planetarium Show** - New Images For The Gods; the latest information available on the planets Mercury, Venus, Mars and Jupiter. 11:30, 1, 2:30 & 4 pm on Mon. Wed. Thurs. Fri. & Sat. 1, 2:30 & 4 pm Sun.
- **Black Holes In Time and Space** - the 2nd Planetarium Show, an examination of the cataclysmic death of stars, and the mysterious phenomenon which follow. Shows every night at 7:30 & 9. Admis. \$1.50.
- **Tiny Tots Story Hour** - Kitsilano Library every Thursday 10 am. 2425 Macdonald St. (731-4515)
- **Womens Legal Aid Clinic** - at Status of Women 1045 W. Broadway, 7:30 pm.
- **Single Parents Meeting** - 7 pm at 1811 W. 16th Ave. Baby sitting on the premises. Every Thursday.

Fri 8

Moon enters Virgo 5:53am

- **Movie: Woodstock** - at the New Age Community Centre, 1962 W. 4th Ave. 7:30 & 10:00 pm.
- **Family Planning** - info & counselling centre (plan now, play later) #206, 2525 Pine St. 10am-4pm (736-8788)
- **Shiloh** - a unique experience in spiritual conversation. Every Fri. & Sat. nights at 8 pm, 1415 Maple St. Free coffee and lemonade. Phone 291-3322
- **UBC Gay** - a meeting is held every Friday at 12:30 in Student Union Building room 105B.
- **Planetarium Shows** - see Thursday.
- **Coffee House** - for teens, 8-11pm at the Hobbit House, 1025 Nelson every Friday.
- **Cinema Simon Fraser** - presents

Sat 9

Moon in Virgo

- **Gordon House Rummage Sale** - at 1025 Nelson, 2pm-5pm. Tea & coffee available.
- **Coffee House** - for young adults, every Saturday 8-11pm at the Hobbit House, 1025 Nelson.
- **Shiloh** - Saturdays at 8pm, see Fri.

Sun 10

Moon enters Libra 5:55 am.

- **Canadian Songs & Stories** - from Canada's past especially for kids. 2pm. Grandview Park (on Commercial).
- **Summerset Lane Craft Market** - held every Sunday thru August. Crafts people can rent booth space & display & sell their work to the public. 10am-6pm. Century Park, Burnaby.
- **Punch & Judy** - puppet show presented by John Kitchen for kids 2pm. Grandview Park on Commercial. (Spons. by VECC & the VPB.)
- **Discussion Group** - with the Socialist Labour Party, every Sunday, 2pm. 609 E. 12th. (876-9587)
- **Lesbian Drop-In** - every Sunday at 8pm at the Pine Free Clinic 1985 W. 4th Ave (at Maple) for more info phone 738-7586 evenings.

Mon 11

Moon in Libra

- **Vancouver Women Filmmakers** - a programme of short films by Alexandra Dikeakos, Gabrielle Minot, Audrey Doray, Marilyn Kinsky, and Dale Pickering. Noon. Van. Art Gallery, 1145 W. Georgia. Free.
- **World In Revolution Film Series** - presented by the Liberation Support Movement, showing the struggle for freedom going on in 4 areas of the world, Africa, S. America, Asia & the Mid. East. Films shown this week are



Coming: Seals & Crofts at the PNE Sunday Aug 31

- on the liberation of Namibia, & "The Last Grave At Dimbaza" films illegally shot in South Africa.
- **Discussion Group** - The Tarot - an informal and informative discussion with Robin Blaser Guest speaker. Cold Mountain Institute, Granville Island, 8pm. \$3. (684-5355) (Cold Mtn. is a non-profit educational centre, functioning primarily on workshop and discussion fees).
- **Single Parents** - meeting every Monday at 7:30pm. 2521 Dunbar St. Babysitting there.

Tues 12

Moon enters Scorpio 7:36 am.

- **Eckankar** - lecture every Tuesday, 7:30 pm at 4063 Cambie. For more info phone 874-7544.
- **Transcendental Meditation** - lectures presented by the International Meditation Soc. every Tuesday at 8pm. 1170 Hornby St. For more info phone 688-1728.
- **Legal Aid** - 7 & 9 pm at Kits House, corner of 7th & Vine.
- **Tibetan Buddhist Meditation** - open meditation every Tuesday & Thursday 8-9pm at the Tibetan Dharma Centre 3183 W. 5th Ave.
- **Free Mind Development** - lecture and film at the Van. Mind Inst. every Tues. from 8 to 10:30 pm. 2180 W. 12th Ave. (736-2904)
- **SFU Gay Club** - meets every Tues. at 3:30 pm in AQ 5017. Call 929-3832 for more info.
- **Single Parents** - freecrafts and swimming 1pm-3pm at YWCA, 680 Burrard. Babysitting 25c.
- **Yoga** - advanced and teachers 8am, beginners 1:30pm, 6pm, intermediate 8pm. Every Tuesday, at the Van. Yoga Centre, 1684 W. 8th Ave. (987-4807)
- **Gestalt** - workshop in psychosoma

- integrative techniques. 7:30 & 9:30pm every Tues. Gestalt Studios, 139 Water St. 4th Floor. For more info phone 731-0773.

Wed 13

Moon in Scorpio

- **Movies in the Park** - presented by the Vancouver Film Council. Films from the N.F.B., and from the film councils large collection. 9pm (Sunset) at Sunset Beach (Beach Ave. at Burrard) Free.
- **Lesbian Drop-In** - each Weds. eve. at the Womens Bookstore, 804 Richards St. Various topics discussed by the group. For more info. phone 684-0523
- **Kitsilano Neighbourhood House** - supper and get togethers every Weds. 7:30pm. 2325 W. 7th Ave. (7th & Vine). Bring a dish, salad or desert, etc. For more info phone 736-3588
- **Yoga** - Every wed. eve. at the Van. Yoga Centre. Beginners 10am & 8pm. Intermediate 6pm. 1684 W. 4th Ave. For more info phone 987-4807, or 732-5770.

Thurs 14

Moon enters Sagittarius 0:03 pm.

- **Arca** - open house, 8pm. At the New Age Community Centre. 1962 W. 4th.
- **Tibetan Buddhist Meditation** - see Tues.
- **Meditation Philosophy Classes** - Ananda-Marga Yoga Soc. Every Thursday 7:30pm. 669 E. 21st Ave. (2 houses East of Fraser). Phone 876-4656

- **Divorce Clinic** - spons. by Van. Community Legal Assistance Soc. Held at 758 E. Broadway 7:30pm (876-0822)
- **Drop-In** - Hobbit House, 2pm-4pm every Thurs. 1025 Nelson
- **Single Parents Meeting** - see last Thurs.
- **Planetarium Shows** - see last Thurs.

Fri 15

Moon in Sagittarius

- **Indian War Dancing** - by the I.W.D. Club, adding B.C.'s Indian heritage to the Van. Int. Stone Sculpture Sym. 7pm. VanDusen Bot. Gardens. 33rd & Oak. Free.
- **Benefit Dance** - for John Damien. Spons. by the Defence Committee & Gay Tide. 9pm. Grad. Student Centre. UBC. \$2.50. For more info phone 255-7820.
- **Family Planning** - see last Fri.
- **Shiloh** - see last Fri.
- **UBC Gay Club** - see last Fri.
- **Planetarium Shows** - see last Thurs.

Odds 'n' ends

- **West End Mini Folk Festival** - Aug. 23rd 5pm-10pm. with folk music and street dancing at 900 block Bidwell. Volunteers needed. (683-2554)



- **Womens Drop-In & Information Referral Service**, at the Port Coquitlam Womens Centre (corner of Chester & Coquitlam). 1pm-5pm. Mon-Fri. 5pm-9pm Mon. & Weds. eves. There is a childrens corner. (941-6311).

- **Van. Native Summer Camp** - At Gunsight Mtn. Fishing, swimming, camping, crafts, fun, games & food. Fee is \$1 per day. Age group 8-12yrs: July 30-Aug. 7. Age group 13-17: July 16-25; Aug. 13-22. Contact First United Church. Tel: 681-8365

- **14th Annual Philadelphia Folk Festival** - will happen Aug. 22, 23 & 24 at Pools Farm, Upper Salford Township (near Schwensville) Penn. 3 major evening concerts, daytime concerts, workshops, dance sessions, campfire sings & craft exhibits. Free parking & food & camping fac. available. For info. contact Philadelphia Folk Festival, 7113-B Emlen St. Philadelphia Pa. 19119 (251) CH 71300

- **Sci-Fi Film Festival** - four decades of Science Fiction film classics - full length feature movies. Call 736-4431 for titles. Flash Gordon serial showing thru-out the series. Showtimes: Thurs. & Fri. 7:45pm. Sat. 1:15 & 7:45pm. Sun. 1:15 pm. Admis. \$1.50. Centennial Museum.

- the deadline for submissions to all listings in the Georgia Straight is the Friday before publication. Please address all information to "Listings", Georgia Straight, 56a Powell St. Van. Also if you find any incorrect listings, please let us know.

THEATRE POETRY CLASSICAL & DANCE

- **Theatre In The Park** - presents Fiddler On The Roof, in the Malkin Bowl until Aug. 9. Tickets at Van. Ticket Centre and Malkin Bowl. Gate opens 7pm.
- **Chinese Opera** - presented by the Jim Wah Sing Association in the Q.E. Theatre. Aug. 8 & 9 at 7:30pm. Aug. 10: 1:00 pm.
- **Savage God & P.E.A.K.** - experimental theatre sharing aspects of its recent work in a series of presentations based on texts by Aeschylus, Hungerford & Picasso. 8pm. Aug. 13, 14, 15 & 16. At the Van. East Cul. Centre. 1895 Venables. Admiss. Free.
- **Childrens Theatre** - presented by Stage 2, Childrens Theatre, 1:00 pm. Grandview Park (on Commercial) as part of the summer entertainment program spons. by the VPB & the Van. E. Cul. Cen. (Aug. 10)
- **Margie Gillis** - in a solo dance performance, *La Lune*. August 14, noon. At the Van. Art Gallery 1145 W. Georgia. Admis. free. Also Aug. 15 at 8pm.
- **Daphne Goldrick** - In Cabaret. Lloyd Nicholson, accompanist, explore through songs and dramatic readings, the quest for love by women from girlhood to old age. Noon at the Van. Art Gallery 1145 W. Georgia. Free (Aug. 13)
- **Vera Johnston** - Folk Singer, singing songs she has written on a wide variety of topics from politics & religion to love

Vancouver to give 4 evening performances at the Vancouver Art Gallery 1145 W. Georgia. 8pm. Admiss. Free. Aug.6,7,8 & 9. (Savage God — P.E.A.K.)

- Captives of the Faceless Drummer** - a Renaissance presentation directed by Ken Smedley. At the York Theatre, Aug. 6 & 7. 8:15pm. Tickets \$2.50.
- Eight For Summer** - Pamela Davidson plays organ works of Stanley, Bach, Sweelinck & Brahms in this concert of the 8 for summer series. Noon. Christ Church Cathedral (Georgia & Burrard). Admis.Free. Coffee is avail.

GALLERIES

& womens rights. Noon. Aug.12 at the Van. Art Gallery. 1145 W. Georgia. Free.

- Cultural Funk** - presents Jane Mortifee & The Helping Hand Band, 8pm. August 10. At the Van. East Cul. Centre 1895 Venables. Tickets \$2.
- The Town Waits** - Renaissance dance music for wind instruments. Aug.10. 2:30pm. At the Burnaby Art Gallery 6344 Gilpin. Free.
- Chinese Music** - presented by the Ching Wah Musical Society in Grandview Park (on Commercial) 2pm. Aug.10 as part of the Grandview Pk. summer entertainment program.
- Dark Of The Moon** - by Howard Richardson & William Berney. This production, the final one of stage campus '75, will be directed by Jane Heyman. Till Aug.9th, no shows Sundays. Frederick Wood Theatre, UBC Tickets at 228-2678 or room 207 F.W.T.



- Jacques Brel is Alive And Well And Living In Paris** - Ann Mortifee, Leon Bibb, Charlene Brandolini, Hank Stinson, and Jane Mortifee, in the revival of this formerly long running musical. Directed by Richard Ouzounian. Until Aug. 30th. Monday to Thursday, 8:30pm. \$4.50. Fri. & Sat. 7pm & 10pm. \$5.50. Queen E. Theatre. Tickets at Van. Ticket Centre (683-3255) & Eatons.
- Ways And Means** - a couple seeking some means to avoid expulsion from a luxurious Riviera Hotel (where they have lost their money thru gambling) are the central characters in this play by Noel Coward. Brigid Johnston, Drew Borland, directed by Ray Michal. At City Stage, 591 Howe St. (688-7031). Tues-Fri. 12:15 & 1:15pm. 8pm Fri. & Sat. evenings. Till Aug.9.
- I Do! I Do!** - A musical comedy on the subject of marriage by Tom Jones & Harvey Schmidt, with Ruth Nichol & Dean Regan. At the Arts Club Theatre, 1181 Seymour until Aug.9. Tickets at Van. Ticket Centre (683-3255)
- Spring Awakening** - the translation of Wedekind by Edward Bond, directed by Dennis Eberts. At the Metro Theatre, 1370 S.W. Marine, thru Aug. Tickets \$3.50 Mon.-Thurs. \$4 Fri. & Sat. (266-7191)
- Two By Shephard** - two one act plays presented by Studio 58 — the theatre arts department of Langara. "Fourteen Hundred Thousand" directed by Kathryn Shaw, an expansion into a world vision of a newly wed quarrel, and "Red Cross" in which a young couple attempt to relax in the country. Directed by Jace van der Veen. Aug.6-9, 8:30pm. Tickets \$2. Van. East Cul. Centre 1895 Venables. (254-9578)



•**New Theatre Pieces** - John Juliani & his York University ensemble return to

- Recent Aquisitions** - The Simon Fraser Collection, including paintings & graphics by such artists as Myron Jones, Bill Reid, Kattie Bruneau, Pitseolak & many others. Aug.13-29. SFU Gallery. AQ 3004. Open 10-4.
- Harrania Tapestries** - the first exhibition in Canada of the traditional Kelim tapestries woven by the villagers of Egypt. The tapestries vividly depict the plants, animals & people of the land. At the Mido Gallery. 936 Main St. Aug. 12-30.
- R.L.Bloore Sixteen Years** - (1958-1974). 73 paintings & drawings by one of Canada's leading artists in a major exhibition of his works expressing elemental forms, colours, textures, spaces and movements of nature. At the Van. Art Gallery 1145 W. Georgia until Aug.20.
- Kushiro Celebrations** - in conjunction with the Municip. of Burnaby & the Century Park complex. The Burnaby Art Gallery will be honouring the 10 year celebration of Kushiro, Burnaby's sister city, with an exchange of art.
- Sculpture Exhibition** - by members of the B.C. Sculpture Society, featuring works in marble, metals, wood, plastic, and other materials. Sculptors include Allan Chung, Joan Gambioli, Alex Imredy, Prudence Leach, and others. At the Mido Gallery, 936 Main. Till Aug.9.
- Canadian Artists** - Harry Heine, Len Gibbs, Hele Kowallek, Denis Hutchins Dave MacLagan, Minn Sjolseth, and others. At the Gallery Royale, 2247 Granville Tues-Sat. thru the summer.
- Eskimo Prints** - At the Burnaby Art Gallery on loan from SFU Gallery — the first exhibition of the collection showing nearly all pieces. Till Aug. 10. 6344 Gilpin.
- Diamonds Today** - Award winning jewelry by Canadian designers. Spons. by the Diamond Information Centre. Till Aug.10 at Centennial Museum. 1100 Chestnut St.
- E. Gill, C. Shannon, W. Pogany, A. Mucha** - woodcuts, lithographs, watercolours. At the MacMillan & Perrin Gallery. 3745 W. 10th.
- Emily Carr** - an exhibition from the extensive collection of her works held by the Van. Art Gallery. Her paintings, full of the cool mystery and cathedral-like awe of the forests, have achieved wide recognition, and have inspired the production Klee Wick; A Ballet For Emily. At the Van. Art Gallery, 1145 W. Georgia till Aug.31.
- Hand Coloured Prints** - 26 works by a group of American artists including Billy Al Bengston, Richard Tuttle, and Jo Baer, at the SFU Gallery, AQ3004 till Aug.10.
- Eskimo Art** - New Prints by Tivi Etok, and many stone and bone carvings by Pitseolak, Johnnie Inuk-puk, Iola and others. At Heritage of Eskimo Art, 1067 Robson. Open Mon-Sat.
- Earl Gross** - representational watercolours: contemp. prints etchings collage & sculpture by other artists. At the Georgian Galleries, 8038 Granville
- Eric Strudwick** - an exhibition of his sculpture, at the Van. Public Library, Burrard & Robson. Till Aug.9.
- Summer Print Show** - an exhibition of works by Catherine and David Shapiro, Chris and Marion Leadahl, Barbara Heller, Erika Gerson & Alexandra Dikeakos. Till Aug.9 at the Fantastic Art Gallery 1972 W.4th. Open Tues-Sat.
- Kingsmill** - wares 9 wallpieces — 1st pieces from Bowen Island. At the House of Ceramics, 565 Hamilton.
- The Gift And The Giver** - a wide variety of items given to the museum from three prominent donors. At the Centennial Museum, 1100 Chestnut St. Till Sept.
- The Provincial Collection** - the first exhibition of works from the collection assembled by the province will be on display in the Archives Gallery of the Provincial Museum in Victoria until Aug.17.

MOVIES

Note: Because of our deadline this info is not completely up-to-date. It is advisable to phone the theatre first.

ROLLERBALL: Violent futuristic epic

concerning the establishment's efforts to eliminate Jonathan E. (James Caan), an international star of Rollerball. This 'game' is played on roller skates and motor cycles and the objective is to eliminate your opponents as well as score points. **STANLEY** (733-2622)

RETURN OF THE PINK PANTHER: Peter Sellers is doing his Inspector Clouseau bit again and he has the folks in stitches, rolling in the aisles and generally splitting their sides in merriment. **DENMAN PLACE** (683-4647) **RIDGE** (738-6311)

MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL: Cinema of the extremely absurd with Great Britain's looniest exports. Monty Python paraphrases Thomas Mallory and King Arthur comes off the worse. **BAY** (685-9822)

THE HAPPY HOOKER: Georgy Girl as Xaviera Hollander?? You read the book? **LOUGHEED MALL** (937-3461)



TOMMY: Cinematic Magician Ken Russel does his brilliant best with late sixties rock opera. If you can stand the Who's music you'll dig it all. **VARSITY** (224-3730)

FRENCH CONNECTION: 2-Frank-enheimer takes up where Friedkin left off. In other words Popeye Doyle is back and running hard in France. Warning: drug taking, violence and coarse language. What fun! **PARK** (876-2747)

RUSSIAN ROULETTE: Suspense thriller filmed in Vancouver. Stars George Segal in story based on book by local novelist Tom Ardis. **PARK ROYAL** (922-9174) **PARAMOUNT** (522-4958) **RICHMOND SQUARE** (273-4474)

DEATH RACE 2000: Cashing in on Rollerball for fun and death is this less pretentious epic. You get points for running down old ladies, paraplegics and onelegged infants. At the **ODEON** (682-6828) **HYLAND** (876-3045) **TOTEM** (985-2722)

SHAME/KING OF HEARTS: Ingmar Bergmans trilogy of torment with Liv Ullman. Also the most popular, touching and hilarious anti-war film ever made. Alan Bates as a killed warrior and Genevieve Bejold as an unbalanced ballerina. Starts Aug. 3 at **CITY NIGHTS**.

THE WIND AND THE LION: Turn of the century adventure pits Teddy Roosevelt against a desert prince (Sean Connery) over the fate of Candice Bergen. **PARK ROYAL** (922-9174)

JAWS: A great white shark is terrorizing a resort town and scaring swimmers in and out of the movie. **VOGUE** (685-5434) **NEW WEST ODEON** (522-7626) **WEST VAN ODEON** (922-6343) **SURREY DRIVE-IN** (594-9813)



LOVE AND DEATH: Woody Allen returns with his favorite lady to spoof epics— (notably Leo Tolstoy) — and has fun with all of us. **LOUGHEED CINEMA** (937-3641)

ALOHA BOBBY AND ROSE: Pathetic simple minded contemporary love story which features an AM radio soundtrack, a Camaro and the star of American Graffiti — Paul Le Mat. You are advised to avoid this one. **CORONET** (685-6828) **FRASER** (327-1837)

AND NOW MY LOVE: Claude Lelouch (A Man and A Woman) is back with another inimitable love story. **DUNBAR** (224-7252)

DOC SAVAGE: adventures of a fabled pulp fiction super-hero. Played by

ex-T.V. Tarzan, Ron Ely. **LOUGHEED CINEMA** (937-3461)

PAPILLON/CABARET: Escape from Devil's Island with Steve McQueen and Dustin Hoffman. Also Liza Minelli in musical set in pre-Nazi Berlin. Starts Aug.10 **CITY NIGHTS** (685-5831)

HEAVY TRAFFIC: Ralph Bakshi's animated nightmare on coming of age in New York City. A funky movie. Midnight Aug.8-10. **CITY NIGHTS** (685-5831)

CONCERTS

August 7

•**Fleetwood Mac** - in the Q.E.T. Tickets at Concert Box Offices (Coggery-Gastown)

August 15

•**Smokey Robinson & The Miracles** - in the Q.E.T. Tickets at Concert Box Offices (Coggery-Gastown).

August 21

•**Donovan** - in the QETheatre. Tickets at Concert Box Office (Coggery-Gastown) (687-2801)

Future Concerts

VANCOUVER

- Statler Bros.** - Aug.10
- Persuasions** - QET Aug.15
- Bob Seger** - Aug.24
- Seals & Crofts** - PNE Aug.31
- Black Sabbath** - Coliseum Sept.14
- Ahmad Jamal** - Oil Cans Aug. 4-9
- Donald Byrd & The Blackbyrds** - Oil Cans Aug. 18-23
- Guess Who** - PNE Aug.16
- Circus** - Aug.17
- Donovan** - QET Aug. 21



- B.T.O.** - PNE Aug. 24
- Pointer Sisters** - Exhib. Hall Aug.29
- Anne Murray** - PNE Aug. 20
- Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass** - Sept. 9
- Three Dog Night** - Pac. Colis. Sept.21
- Nazareth** - Colis. Sept. 23
- Chicago** - Colis. Sept.

VANCOUVER ISLAND

- Anne Murray** - Victoria Aug.18
- Pat Roberts** - Victoria Sept.5-7
- Circus** - Nanaimo Aug.14; Victoria Aug.15-16
- Bob Seger** - Victoria, Mem.Arena. Aug.26.

OTHER B.C.

- Anne Murray** - Kelowna Aug.15; Kamloops Aug.16; Vernon Aug.17
- Guess Who** - Kamloops Aug.17

ALBERTA

- Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass** - Edmonton Sept.12
- Moses** - Lethbridge Sept.11; Edmonton, Calgary Sept.22-Oct.25
- Bob Seger** - Calgary Aug.29; Edmonton Coliseum Aug.30
- Circus** - Edmonton Aug.6, Calgary Aug.7
- Roy Clark** - Calgary Jub. Aud. Aug.10
- Nazareth** - Edmonton Sept.20
- Three Dog Night** - Calgary Sept.23, Edmonton Colis. Sept.24

SASKATCHEWAN

- Buddy Alan** - Regina Nov.10-23
- Nazareth** - Canada Arena Sept.18
- Red Simpson** - Regina, Oct.
- Circus** - Regina Aug.8, Saskatoon Aug.9
- Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass** - Saskatoon Sept.13, Regina Sept.14
- Festival of Music** - Regina Sept.26, Saskatoon Sept.27
- Lawanda Lindsey** - Regina Sept.28-Oct.12.

MANITOBA

- Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass** - Winnipeg Sept.16
- Bob Seger** - Winnipeg Arena Sept.1
- Nazareth** - Winnipeg Sept.17
- Franki Valli** - Winnipeg Oct.30

WASHINGTON STATE

- Roy Ayers** - Seattle Pioneer Aug.7-16

- Blood Sweat & Tears** - Spokane State Fair Aug.28
- Black Sabbath** - Spokane Colis. Sept.11; Seattle Arena Sept.12
- Jethro Burns** - Spokane Sept.10-24
- Glen Campbell** - Seattle Sept.20
- Joe Farrell** - Seattle Pioneer Sept. 22-27
- Persuasions** - Seattle Paramount Aug.16
- Tammy Wynette** - Kennewick Aug.20
- Statler Bros.** - Moses Lake Aug.16
- Ellen McIlwaine** - Seattle Aug.23
- Johnny Mathis** - Seattle Sept.13; Spokane Sept.14
- Chuck Mangione** - Seattle Paramount Sept.26
- Tanya Tucker** - Yakima Sept.26
- Ahmad Jamal** - Seattle, Pioneer, July 31-Aug.2
- Vikki Carr** - Seattle Aug.18, Spokane Aug.19
- Guess Who** - Spokane Colis. Aug.13. Seattle Colis. Aug.15
- Roger Williams** - Spokane Aug.14. Seattle Aug.16
- Pointer Sisters** - Spokane Aug.27. Seattle, Paramount, Aug.28
- Three Dog Night** - Seattle Arena Sept. 27, Spokane Sept. 28
- Stanley Turrentine** - Seattle Aug.25

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Witches brew sex potion

by John L. Daly

Make it a point to see this play. It's really good. It's a hillbilly story out of the Smokey Mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee.

Briefly, a witchboy falls in love with a beautiful girl. They sleep with each other. He is so taken with her, he contrives to be made human. He gets his wish just in time to marry her for she is pregnant and no one else will have her because she has "pleasured herself all about".

Most of the folk from the village are pretty hard on John Human, the witchboy. They suspect what he really is. When the child is born, they know for sure. I'll leave the rest for you to discover.

It's a lively show, from the moody bewitching scenes to the foot stompin' square dancing in, naturally, the square. Edgar Dobie is John, and with his high cheekbones and strange look in his eyes, he is believable throughout. Barbara Allen is played by Camille Mitchell. She is perfect as the teasing, sensual talk of the town. Scott Swanson is superlative as the corn 'likker-swiggin', friendly, kazoo playin' fundamentalist, Preacher Haggler. Colleen Winton and Vicki McCullough are the sexiest, evilist, baiting witches you can imagine.

The rest of the cast, and there are many, is first rate. Put them all together and you have magic. The music is a perfect supplement. Bruce Ruddell, who plays Uncle Smellieue, composed and performs much of it, accompanied by Nancy McMaster.

The set, while quite simple, is most evocative. David Fischer designed it with a large round screen as the background on which is projected different moons to suit the scene, and it works admirably. Phillip Clarkson has done wonders with the costumes, particularly Conjur Man's bowels-of-the-earth get-up.

It all flows so smoothly and works so well. Jane Heyman's

direction is invisible.

Dark Of The Moon was the first production she was in at University. Since then she's been a founding member of Westcoast Actors and Stage Campus and is now an associate director at the New Play Centre. Stage 75 is fortunate to have her directing this

show.

Dark Of The Moon has an interesting history. Originally done as a doctoral thesis, it was first produced at the University of Iowa as **Barbara Allen** in the early forties. Since then, it has been produced on Broadway and around the world. Paul Newman,

Shelley Berman, Bettsy Palmer and Marge Champion have appeared in it.

In the Broadway production, there were an unusual number of deaths in the revival scene. The cast started to believe it had something to do with the bible used in it. Some were convinced

the bible was cursed. The night the bible was changed, as they requested, they received notice the show was closing.

Don't wait until this show has closed to decide you should have seen it; you'll just end up cursing yourself as your friends tell you about it. •

Sending 'works' in Burnaby

by John L. Daly

While Bob Cummings is away enjoying the wilds of Mexico or Golden, B.C., I have the pleasure of sampling some of the entertainment normally reserved for his cultivated palate.

Sunday afternoon Michael Kleniec performed jazz-classical guitar at the Burnaby Art Gallery. I was most frazzled after narrowly escaping a confusion of the fender while plodding down Burnaby's RCMP patrolled Canada Way, trying to get there in time. Some Honcho in a large gulpmobile tried to drive through the front of my car, almost succeeding, and unerving me so I missed the turn into the gallery.

Finally I arrived, only to find the moderately-sized lounge filled to pouring-out-the-door and sitting-in-the-hall. Deciding this obviously was not to be missed, I arrogantly stuffed myself into the room and settled on a cushion on the floor right in front of Mr. Kleniec.

He was half way through the first number, **Take Five**. How apropos! I needed a relaxing and this was the place. The lounge is decorated with Eskimo prints and furnished with comfortable sofas and settees. A persian rug covers the floor, and there is a large alcove with a wholesome tiled fireplace before which sat Mr. Kleniec.

He was now giving a very smooth rendition of **Summertime**. Next was **Corcovado**, a Brazilian piece, the namesake of the 2,300 ft. peak on which stands the colossal statue of Christ overlooking the city of Rio de Janerio and the Bay of Guanabara. The majesty of that sight was amply communicated.

He also did **Tear It Down** and **God Bless the Child** in part one.

Cummings on vacation

Brel bounces back

by John L. Daly

What's so special about Brel? **Jacques Brel Is Alive And Well And Living In Paris** returned to Vancouver last week. By all indications this show is just as successful, if not more so, than its original production here a few years ago.

Jacques Brel is a 50 year old reclusive Belgian poet-composer and performer who does indeed live in Paris. About 10 years ago he appeared in the East Village of New York, translating his songs into English and performing. Then he quietly slipped away, back to Paris.

Today Brel is contemporary music, staged. His songs are

ballads. They are short stories; vignettes of our ways of living; attitudes and foibles. Brel cooks them up with full flavour, aroma and stench. His songs are about young lovers, machismo, sailors and whores, growing old, numbing sex in military warehouses, loneliness, working class comradery, staying single.

Though his appeal is rooted in the things he writes about, it's his way of seeing and expressing what he sees that impresses most. While the tunes are catchy—and some are superb—Brel's wry, humorous and sometimes borderline cynical lyrics are the basis for his success. Though he sometimes seems to be mocking life, he is always embracing it.

He simply isn't afraid to say something about the way we live in his songs. Composing this sort of music is dangerous. He opens his heart and tells us not just what he sees, but how he feels about it; it is an overt statement of what is in his gut. Quite a personal thing. The appeal is not only directed at our emotions through his music, but to our intellect through his words. To make it all come across, he asks us to look through him and see things as he sees them.

Clearly he does not approve of much of what the human race is doing, but embraces the diversity of life. He recognizes himself and us in every human endeavour and challenges us to do the same through his songs.

Musical theatre is an excellent way to bring Brel's works to a large audience. Were it not for the acting, a much smaller setting and an almost one-to-one atmosphere of a small European cabaret would be called for. Leon Bibb is just right for the task, his rich, powerful, deep voice projecting easily through the Queen Elizabeth Playhouse. Not as strong a singer, Hank Stinson is very good for the most part, but seemed a little too saccharine in some places.

Ann Mortifee, Charlene Brandolini and Jane Mortifee complete the widely experienced and talented cast. Ann has appeared in the New York and Milwaukee productions. Charlene has a lot of musical theatre experience; she really enhances the show. Jane Mortifee, who was especially good in **O Juan de Fuca** will appear in some performances, giving Ann a chance to rest her voice and do some other theatre. •

Part two introduced modal jazz, which he explained, is "improvisation based on scales or modes". Most notable in this regard was **Bok Srow**, a traditional Cambodian piece employing an altered scale. While I'm not much on the technicalities, it certainly was surprising authentic sounding and very enjoyable listening. I imagined steamy, lush vegetation and then the music moved me to a field swaying in a cool breeze just before a torrential downpour. This isn't what Michael was thinking of at all, but the mood is definitely there for all to interpret in their own way.

When he performed **Solea**, his own composition, he became totally enraptured in his work, spinning a web that gently but completely encompasses with a subtle simplicity. As he said later: "My approach to music — if it works..." and it does. The whole afternoon was thoroughly enjoyable.

Most of the compositions he played can be heard on his just released album **Sending on the Camelion** label. It was recorded and pressed here in Vancouver.

You can also catch him in concert this Saturday evening at the Western Front. After that, he will be opening a new evening affair at Le Bistro, playing from 10:00pm until 2:00 am. •

Garden music rained out

Sunday, August 2nd, Musique Par Couer was to perform at the VanDusen Botanical Gardens. They cancelled, frightened away by threats of rain apparent in the early afternoon. The evening was, however, quite sunny and those that came enjoyed a walk around the works in progress.

Musique is tentatively scheduled for Saturday August 23rd. The preceding weekend there will be a Japanese Classical Music and Dance Group with a tea ceremony. But you needn't wait to go. There's much happening with power routers, air hammers, and the ancient but still efficient hammer and chisel being wielded by the international group of Sculptors.

As well as watching some of the forms take shape, you can look at a few already completed pieces. Some people are also scavenging paperweights and aquarium gravel from the by-products of the genius. Should you like a little more background, there will be a panel discussion and slide presentation by three women symposium sculptors this Friday at the Vancouver Art Gallery, at 12 noon. •

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Clapton wails/P.A. fails

Is it still your ambition to make an audience cry with a single note? Yeh, I think so...

Eric Clapton
Rolling Stone, 1974

If anyone was moved to tears at the Eric Clapton concert last Sunday evening it was probably the hardened Cream fans who had come to hear Crossroads and Sunshine of Your Love. Clapton, with a smile firmly planted and a drink always within arms reach, moved through a leisurely paced set wide in range yet carefully avoiding the emotionless power blues of Cream.

Playing amid a physical milieu of palm trees and wicker chairs that resembled a Victorian patio in some tropical outpost of the British empire circa of 1850, certainly contributed to the 'laid back' image that Clapton has cultivated recently.

The current band assembled in the studio during recording of 461 Ocean Boulevard and features Yvonne Elliman, vocals; Carl Radle, bass; Dick Sims, keyboards; George Terry, guitar; Jamie Oldaker, drum and newcomer Marcy Levy, vocals. Along with Elliman, Levy adds a rich, harmonic dimension that reminds one of Clapton's work on tour with

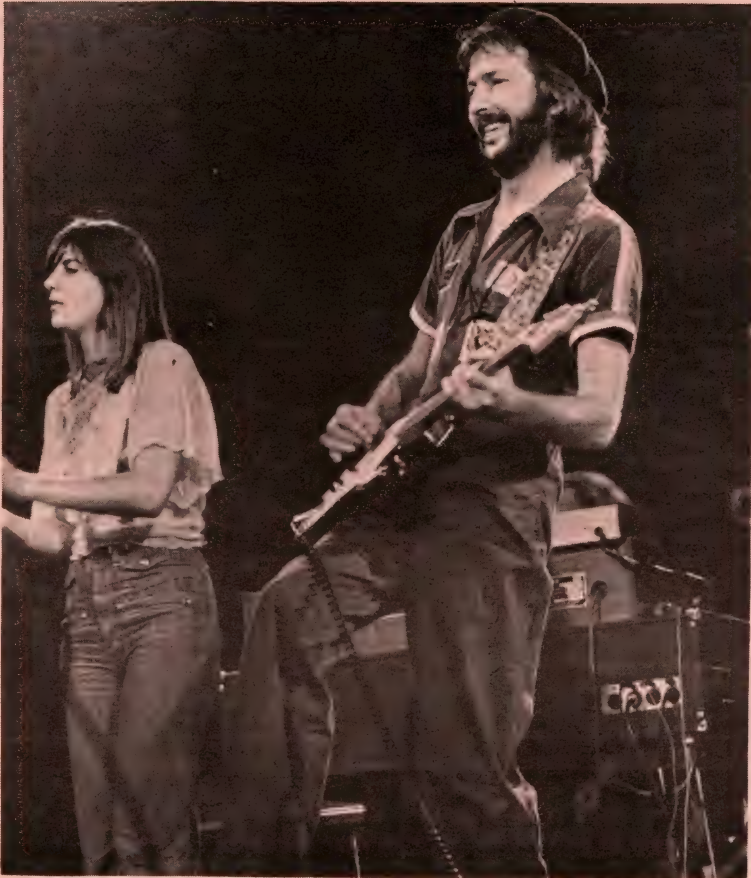
Bonnie and Delaney and friends.

Commencing the festivities with his most sublime — the classic Layla — set the emotional tempo for the evening. The stinging slide refrains were exemplary and it was unfortunate that the vocals were muddled by a temperamental P.A.

Next, Clapton chose to pay homage to one of his blues gurus—B.B. King—a slow, pious, rendition of Stormy Monday. The guitar lines slow-paced yet with fluid Clapton polish attached.

The powerful background vocals of Elliman and Levy became a gentle cooing for "one off me new record", Bob Dylan's Knockin' On Heaven's Door. Clapton's version adds nothing to Dylan's yet the melodic interlude was well received.

Clapton's musical evolution has left his legions largely fragmented into camps of devotees of his various periods. On this occasion the overwhelming strength of his performance was drawn from the classics of the Derek and the Dominos albums. As he moved from a fast paced Blues Power to the soaring chorus of Tell The Truth and finally the majestic chord structure of Hendrix's Little Wing, the concert gained momentum. The latter song in particular



Kicks into Layla with stinging slide refrains

achieved a beautiful balance between the power of Clapton's guitar and Elliman's exquisite voice to create an emotional tribute to the deceased Hendrix.

Some aspects of the concert were less successful however; solo spots granted each of the ladies were uninspired as were Clapton's versions of Bob Marley's I Shot The Sheriff and Sonny Boy Williamson's Eyesight To The Blind (which he performs in Tommy). A redeeming quality of each version was the compact guitar interludes that Clapton wove in and out of their structures. Short, tasty licks that flowed perfectly into each number.

Predictably, Carlos Santana, who had waited patiently stage left throughout the show, joined Clapton for the encore. The jam which ensued drew on Santana for his unlimited energy while Clapton contributed more of those tasty chops.

Santana began the evening with a set of their unique melange of latin rhythms and jazz-rock. Assuming a meditative pose, Carlos led the group (drummer, percussion, bass, and keyboards) through an enjoyable set that unfortunately suffered from a poor sound mix.

The smiles, which everyone in the group wears, and the peace signs they flash amongst themselves, represents internal bliss: Santana's musical inspiration is treated as a serious matter indeed. His self-professed "philosophical awakening" has resulted in a musical confidence that is awesome. The guitar energy assaulted the crowd with rushes of sound that were aesthetically successful. Santana, of course, isn't a purveyor to the tastes of the musical mainstream; it employs complicated rhythms and percussion that were knocked out of balance by a horrendous sound system.

Chris Stepien

Paul Little photo

Supertramp 'perfect'

Beginning a review with superlatives often ends anticlimactically. Beginning a concert superlatively faces the same problem. I'm not sure how this review will end but Thursday night's Supertramp concert at the QET began superlatively and ended even moreso. It was exhilaration at its most rewarding peak. It was magical.

Not since I had the pleasure of seeing The Rolling Stones in Rotterdam during their '73 European tour have I been so thoroughly impressed by a rock band. Supertramp are not theatrical in the same sense as The Stones, they are more subtle, more intricate, but every bit as dramatic. Professional to the point of wonder, Supertramp is easily the most pleasant musical surprise of 1975.

In January their album, *Crime Of The Century*, was released here in Canada. By May it was number one in England and finally after much hesitation on the part of Canadian audiences and critics they are gaining the respect they so justly deserve. Thursday night's performance was scheduled three months ago. En route to Vancouver one of the members of the band broke his hand and they were unable to appear. Although unfortunate in one respect the three month lay-off allowed Supertramp the time to work on their forthcoming A&M release. And from the sound of the four or five new numbers they performed it's going to be dynamite.

Although the main body of their performance revolved around *Crime Of The Century* the new compositions displayed a welcome maturity and sophistication. Almost jazz-like, hypnotic and engaging, yet every bit as rhythmically infectious as *Crime Of The Century*.

It is difficult to describe in detail Thursday evening's performance. The beauty of Supertramp is their clarity of sound which was even more obvious live than on their recorded versions. Instrumentally the five members, Bob C. Benberg, Roger Hodgson, John Anthony Helliwell, Dougie Thom-



Roger Hodgson, one of five superlatives

Paul Little photo

son and Richard Davies, are nothing short of mystifying. Together they wove magic into the air. And any further attempt at description of such an event would be mere self-indulgence on my part.

I cannot single out any one of the five musicians. Their professionalism is built around compatibility and a respectful awareness of each other's presence. There are no individual stars in Supertramp, yet Supertramp is one of the most individual bands I've yet to hear.

We've been saying for six months that Supertramp is a band to watch. Thursday night the audience watched and were mesmerized, satisfied, electrified and wide-eyed. The applause was as thunderous and indicative as the performance itself. It appears that Supertramp is finally on their way to establishing themselves within the somewhat elusive circles of rock magic. In summary it was a "perfect" performance.

Unfortunately *Triumvirate*, who were to precede Supertramp, had transportation trouble and were unable to appear. Hopefully they'll make it this way in the near future. Their spot was filled by a young Vancouver singer/songwriter by the name of Barry Greenfield. Although substitution is often a difficult task to pull off Greenfield was greeted with

favourable response from the QE audience. An extremely powerful vocalist, Greenfield handled his part very well. My only reservation was the somewhat repetitive structure of his compositions. But his voice adequately compensated. He has just released an album entitled *Sanctuary* and hopefully we can look forward to some interesting music from Barry Greenfield.

Vincent Chetcuti

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Feliciano has overcome

So often you hear people say of blind artists, "Imagine how much better they would be if they weren't handicapped." Hardly. Listening to **Jose Feliciano** in the QET on Monday evening convinced me that more formidable than functional limitations are the limitations of the imagination. Feliciano has overcome both.

His disability certainly doesn't hamper his voracious appetite for the multitude of configurative possibilities from top to bottom fret. It's an aid. He seems to have an added spatial sense that enables him to make sudden jumps to pop harmonics at the twelfth fret exactly, never missing. While he needs tactile cues to

get about on stage from one side of the microphone to the other, on guitar he can carry off the most disjointed horizontal left hand changes with none.

And for his imagination, nothing is too far gone, even his attempt at the 2001 theme, Deodata style. Strauss would stutter. Equally audacious was a guitar cover of **The Hustle** enhanced by the collective vocal prowess of Queen E. onlookers. "Sing along", he said grinningly, "and you'll be able to read about it in the papers". A likely story.

The weakest point in the show was Jose's private spot with the audience. Left alone on stage, he runs through routines ranging from Cheech and Chong skits on AM and FM jocks to unhandy impressions of favorite singers doing Coca Cola ads. Much of it sounded like club routines, though he is genuinely funny when he gets off center a bit.

The backup musicians rejoined him on stage for the final songs of the evening. Led by keyboardist Russ Robinson, the three piece set do little in the way of soloing, but compliment nicely the Latin American rhythms that come out naturally in Feliciano's guitar.

Feliciano's soulfulness is more

vocal than instrumental. Ray Charles and Sam Cooke are his professed early influences, though he indulged in more than one Stevie Wonder song in concert. He can coax a bit of R&B out of anything and everything. His latest album, **Just Wanna Rock 'N' Roll**, like his show, covers ballads to rock and roll. But the total feeling is R&B.

Light My Fire and California Dreamin' were saved until last. The trademark combination of nylon strings and soul earned him his initial recognition with those songs in the late sixties. At that time, he drew flack from straight and narrow quarters for his wild

arrangements. Especially his funky Star Spangled Banner at the 1968 world series. Right there you're messing with baseball's bread and butter. His contribution then was to point to the soul in all music. He contributed again Monday.

Tom Cochran's opening set had occasional high points, though long stretches lacked depth. A minimum of stage chatter and a maximum of stoic resolve were his only defences against those few idiots left who get off on clapping when a back-up announces his final song. •

Glen Sherman

Ahmad Jamal's delicate touch

It's been well over a year since Ahmad Jamal last visited Vancouver. His absence may be in part due to the lukewarm reception he received on his last gig here. Then, he played the ill-fated Lucy's, and was reportedly nonplussed at the sparse attendance and rather Philistine atmosphere of that club. Apparently he was playing to mere handfuls of fans, and drunk ones at that...as a result the quality of his music was somewhat less than ebullient.

This time, Oil Can Harry's is the environ for this excellent pianist, and if the opening night crowd is any kind of barometer, Ahmad Jamal's stay in '75 should be more fruitful and rewarding than his '74 sojourn. Jamal is a difficult musician to categorize; indeed, what point is there in categorizing a man with as much knowledge and experience as he possesses? Jamal plays with a strong sense of melody, yet leaves himself plenty of elbow room in which to improvise; the expression "modal improvisation" comes to mind, but strikes one as being rather meaningless and redundant in terms of musical relevance.

Jamal is another musical prodigy, getting a very early start in life, he has stayed with keyboards for most of his forty-odd years, establishing his direction in plenty of time to explore it. He is classed as being from the Chicago school, but as a musician, is far too eclectic and talented to fit into such narrow classification.

The thing that strikes one about Jamal is his concern for discipline and control; he is far from rigid, but insists on an accessible musical standpoint, returning to it throughout his material. His forays into esoterica are less fanciful and flighty than say, McCoy Tyner, but more imaginative than Herbie Hancock or Chick Corea. If comparisons are to be drawn, let Bill Evans or Thelonius Monk provide the parallels.

Alternating between Fender Rhodes and acoustic grand, Jamal displayed a remarkably different approach between the two instruments; on electric, Jamal is definitely more funk oriented, leaning towards the steady rhythmic statements and fairly orthodox solos. On acoustic grand, Jamal lightens his touch and treats the keys with what amounts to tenderness; here too Jamal's astonishing dexterity becomes evident, which is why Thelonius Monk comes to mind; Jamal can be breathtakingly rapid on piano, and uses every inch of the keyboard to augment his own particular style.

There are other pianists who can fly over the keys as fast as Jamal, but not many who can match his delicacy of touch. Jamal also retains some vestiges of classicism, as he plainly favors long drawn out introductions and conclusions to his songs; what they amount to are quasi-contemporary fugues.

Accompanying Ahmad Jamal

are Calvin Keyes on guitar; Frank Gant, drums; John Heard on bass; and Seldon Newton on congas and percussion. Of these four musicians, Calvin Keyes stood out as the more adept and agile performer, matching Jamal almost note for note. The rhythm section, in particular the drummer and percussionist, were rather heavy-handed and sluggish, indeed, Frank Gant, who has been with Jamal for some time, was surprisingly sloppy in his backup. Still, a good impressive show. Upstairs at Oil Can's for a week. •

Ted Laturnus

CTI: Jazz of a kind

At this time last year, the Belvedere Jazz Festival was at the Coliseum and by some twist of fate or connivance, the CTI concert at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre occurred the same night. It was my good fortune at the time to review the likes of Dizzy Gillespie and Carmen McRae at the Coliseum while to someone else fell the lot of doing the CTI concert.

But if this Sunday's repeat of the CTI event was anything like last year's then there's no question in whose company I'd rather be. Dizzy was an absolute treat and Carmen, bless her, is a true jazz singer. Of course I'm prejudiced because I think these two people are originals.

But the CTI concert Sunday night? Well, it was jazz of a kind. Ron Carter was brilliant, though some may have thought his bass solo was too lengthy. Yet for me it was the highlight of a 'just so' evening.

At the opening there was promise of fair excitement — a large, eager audience, ample talent among the players, and some good sounds being blown toward us. The first number having ended, Grover Washington introduced the roster of musicians: Ron Carter bass, Johnny Hammond organ, George Benson guitar, Joe Farrell tenor, soprano and flute, Hubert Laws also on flute, and of course Grover Washington on tenor. Added to this were piano, percussion and drums.

No doubt a group capable of offering a fairly high level of jazz, but what they gave was entertainment, a rock-soul-blues-jazz package that pleased most and offended few.

The difficulty of reaching a mass audience must of course be recognized, and one expects that certain limitations of sound and format will occur. But it was not long after intermission that boredom began to set in. There was an over-predominance of reeds and one wished for the good, loud blast of an open horn.

Joe Farrell soloed on tenor in a manner that suggested this was to be the show stopper but his

musical spirit couldn't touch Ron Carter's. The long drum solo was like any other, and Johnny Hammond's get-down style didn't exactly raise the roof-tops.

Surprisingly, the lesser known Bob James had some fine moments on electric piano. This was especially true when he played in a simple lyric vein and avoided the too trite space odyssey sound. Benson, too, had some good moments, especially in the second half.

But my reservation remains that

the general sound was too contrived, too much of a single level of spirit and accomplishment to pass for the best of jazz. It is rather like coming to jazz through the back door, not recognizing that this is a music born of on-the-spot improvisation and just a little sweat and toil.

As it is, CTI has gathered together a stable of musicians and, I wager, laid down a pretty firm line as to how and what they play. As examples of their musical

superstars as Dylan and Frank Sinatra, saying that all the performers will be artists who feel they owe something to the city. Ochs is terming the concerts, "the greatest show on earth for the greatest city on earth." He's tentatively booked Madison Square Garden for three days — October 2nd to 4th — to prove it. •

Eric Erickson

What's wrong, Cleo?

While the louts of Arbutus Street sip mint juleps on the stoop and my tennis friends call impatiently for a fourth at the Blanca court, I try to focus on something I only partially got off on. Cleo Laine at the Queen E last Friday night.

It feels kind of funny being at a concert where everyone else around you is more or less raging with enthusiasm and you're sitting there merely trying. Last year I got off on Cleo. In fact, I was enthralled and spoke with passion about the experience for several days. True, I sat closer, in row L on the aisle. This time it was row S and that extra distance can be crucial.

I'm a firm believer in closeness. If I can't get inside that certain inner circle where the magic can be felt, I have trouble. I become distracted and over-critical. I take notes. The lost quality eludes me. I begin to think about other things; the setting, the crowd, my life.

I wonder how the musicians can keep it fresh, performing the same program night after night. And this is the crux of the problem I had with Cleo. I found it over-stylized. I felt that everything I witnessed had been done many many times before. Not only the music, but even the rap between the tunes. I found the performance — just that — a

no mean
city

Bob Ness

performance; studied and impeccable. Deadly qualities in my book. I longed for spontaneity, even a mistake, anything to break the thread of knowing monotony that began to build up in my head.

How can anyone say anything against Cleo, you may ask? And I admit to an uncomfortable feeling as I type this. After all Max Wyman apparently loved her, and what he said ("the lady has an unusual but magnificently versatile voice and the intelligence and musical insight to put it to versatile and unusually magnificent use") was true enough.

But I got increasingly bored. Life is a series of interludes and I became impatient to get on to the

next one. Air and water anxiety overcame me. My Bushnells were out of kilter. I said, "Excuse me," as my eyes entered the lenses. At 45 (or so) Cleo is still beautiful and her two costume changes enhanced this.

I would like to see her in a musical or play where you can suspend certain expectations of spontaneity and expect to be led along through a series of emotions. I found myself resisting being led. At the same time, sometimes, I felt the chill of the thrill of Cleo's voice. I'm a sucker for melodrama and Noel Coward's "London Pride" and a few others like "Bill" did it to me.

The high point for me was Johnny Dankworth's alto solo on "Sophisticated Lady" and his clarinet playing on the blues. Through one of my Bushnell lenses I could see his large, strong hands squeezing the keys, choosing just those notes to express himself. His raps somehow kept reminding me of the Monty Python gang and I kept hoping he would veer off from his memorized words into twitdom — into hilarity — but he never did.

The crowd, very dressed and moneyed, loved it and I felt a little like Colin Wilson and looked forward to the CTI concert on Sunday night (which I loved even if it was inside the box).

Danny's dry/Faces fight/Minnie munched by lion/Funk settles/Dionne sues Burt/Ericks go home

Danny Mack and the Cement City Cowboys made a triumphant return to the Carlton Inn on Monday the 11th of this august month. They'll also be playing an open dance at the UBC Grad House tonight. Friends of Danny's will be interested to know that he hasn't had a drink for 5 days but playing the Carlton will be the test of will for the guitarist/singer.

Rohan's Rockpile is now serving draught beer, which should serve the lubrication needs of Kitsilano residents well.

Rod Stewart laid the ominous word on Faces fans in an interview with the New York Times recently. He said "I don't think we're going



to make any more records. If our band's going to break up, it's as near now as it's ever been."

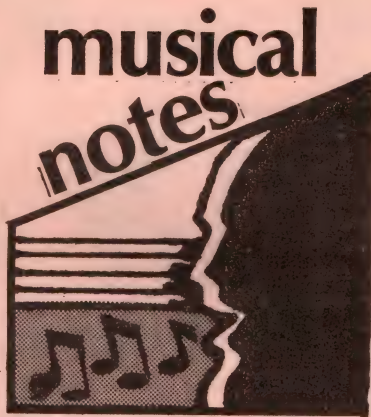
Most of the problem would seem to stem from Ronnie Wood's relationship with the Rolling Stones which has yet to be confirmed as permanent even though the unofficial word is that it will be. Stewart wants Wood to make some kind of statement of the situation.

Further disagreement within the band is that Stewart wants to enlarge the number of musicians. The upcoming tour (which Wood will return for) will feature a 15 piece orchestra and Stewart wants to add guitarist Steve Cropper. The other Faces want to keep the band a permanent quintet.

Stewart is also feeling confident about his capacities as a solo performer. His next album, Atlantic Crossing, will be the first he has done without another Face participating — "I never thought I could do anything without the Faces. All of a sudden I feel this incredible burst of energy and I'm surrounded by people who say I can do it". Every picture tells a story, don't it?

Her music's tasty but this is ridiculous; Minnie Riperton was in the process of shooting commercials for her Adventures In Paradise album when the jungle theme got a little too realistic. A supposedly trained lion being used to lend authenticity to the ads freaked out when the bright lighting was turned on and attacked Ms. Riperton. The panicked lunge by the big cat just missed her head but she was slightly bitten on the back.

Grand Funk have decided to do one more studio album for Capitol



Records. Capitol had launched a suit against the band after Funk signed with MCA, claiming the macho rockers had not fulfilled their contract. In an out of court settlement, GF will provide their former company with one studio album and a soon to be released



return to England. Keith Moon fled England recently, selling his atrocious space-age house to 10cc drummer Kevin Godley.

Short Notes...Chaka Khan recovering from a broken arm suffered in car crash...256 voices sing back-up in 10cc's I'm Not In Love...1000 people attended a pray-in for ailing Cannonball Adderley in New York last week. His family asks that his fans continue to pray for the jazzman...Toots & the Maytals follow the Wailers into Island Records'

live album called Caught In The Act. Original isn't it...

The flood of propaganda against record pirating is finally getting into T.V. cop stories. New York's cowboy cop McCloud rides off in pursuit of some evil pirates in this falls continuing series.

Dionne Warwick is suing Hal David and Burt Bacharach for 6 million clams. She claims that the two writers undertook in 1971 to provide her with one album per year over a 4 year period and have not done so. David and Bacharach no longer work together and thus have not supplied the required material to Warwick. She claims her career has suffered accordingly.

An inclusive catering service for rock stars is proving a boon for two Miami women, Jerri Jenkins and Cindy Johnson, both 22-years old. They provide home-cooked meals, laundry and dry-cleaning, baby-sitting, limos, studio meals, errand services, and rented homes. The business, called Home At Last, has been used by Stills, Clapton, Dr. John, Bee Gees, and the Memphis Horns to name a few.

Swimming against the tide is Eric Burdon, who plans to return to reside in England after a 5 year absence. Most other musicians are in the process of leaving Blighty because of high taxation. Another Eric, this one a Clapton, is also apparently mulling over leaving his Bahamian home to

reggae stable...Martin Mull went busking in Atlanta with comedian Steve Martin. They made about \$8. Waytergoguy...The Captain & Tenille may rejoin the Beach Boys

for their next tour. The pair used to play keyboards and sing (respectively) before hitting the charts with their own Love Will Keep Us Together...Marc Bolan touring England with a new band...Allen Toussaint to produce Mayall's next album...Jim Guercio, musician, producer, and owner of the famed Caribou recording studio, now has his own record label called — wait for it — Caribou Records. First signee's are Gerrard a nine-piece rock band...Wings have recorded a song with Dave Mason, entitled Crawl Of The Wild...yes, that's what it says...Goodnight Paul. /NJC •

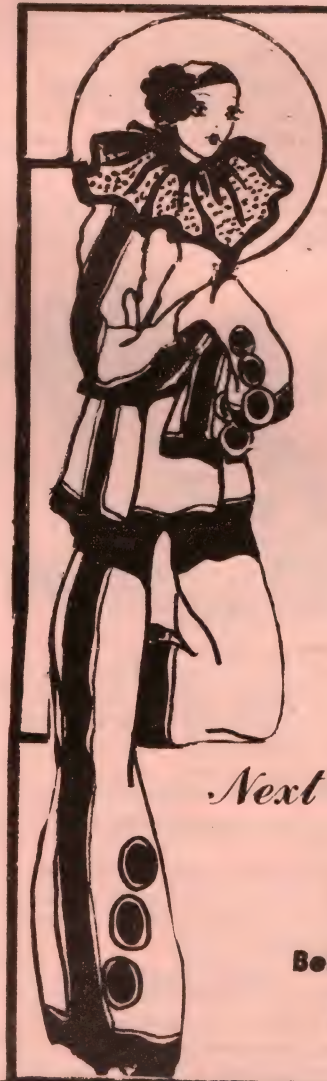
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Janis bores/Eagles soar/ Dizzy's Big Four/Ronnie tries to roar/Cannonball rises/



Between The Lines
Janis Ian
Columbia [PC 33394]

Individually each song is exquisite in its beauty and presentation. Ian's voice is painfully beautiful. Yet somehow the overall effect of *Between The Lines* does not equal the impact or emotion of the single tracks. Possibly because there is not enough variation in theme or in mood. Eleven tracks of romantic "lover's lullabies" becomes too much for even the most sympathetic listener. With a touch of liveliness here and there this album could have been memorable. As it stands there are several poignant and impressive singles here but as an album it borders too near to boredom and repetition. A talented vocalist/composer but somewhat misdirected in her efforts./VC •



One Of These Nights
Eagles
Elektra/WEA 7ES-1039

A new and quite entrancing album from Eagles and in particular *Journey Of The Sorcerer*. It's a fine instrumental, featuring guest David Bromberg on fiddles and The Royal Martini Orchestra. Eh, great.

The title cut is very good aussi, tight harmonies seductively threatening in the old Witchy Woman vein. Too many Hands s'okay with nice lead work from Don Felder and Glen Frey.

Hollywood Waltz is pretty solid country, Bernie Leadon (still no further word on whether or not he's leaving the band) on Mandolin and steel guitar. Frey is in on this with harmonium and

Don Henley does the oh! so smooth vocals.

Next is *Journey...* with it's almost somnambulant beginnings bursting into full orchestral, majestic waves. Will fly you around the room fer damshure.

Over to side two and *Lyin' Eyes*. More country balladeering on this one, much stronger than the first two cuts on the other side. The theme is obvious; a little cheatin' going on of course. The not so obvious is that the shameless vixen is lying to everyone, both her old man and her lover, which of course means at some point she must be lying to herself and then she finds herself trapped in it and it leads to the next number, *Take It To The Limit*, with Randy Meisner adding lead vocals to his normal bass position. Those harmonies are yummy. *Visions*, *After The Thrill Is Gone*, and *I Wish You Peace* close it out. A little repetitious in parts but alright. •

NJC

Dizzy Gillespie's Big Four
Pablo/2310 719

With the current upsurge in musical output, where jazz, rock, blues, and all the rest are so closely connected as to be inseparable, it is refreshing to get an album by one of the progenitors of the whole enchelada. Dizzy Gillespie is one of the founding fathers of contemporary "jazz", and although he has his own particular frame of reference is ostensibly be-bop, he is too talented and versatile a musician to be so easily classified; he can still do a blues ballad or a waltz or even an ersatz lullaby or any modal improvisation as well as anybody.

Indeed, Dizzy's experiments and progressions with the be-bop feel set the stage for today's electrical high-paced jazz-rock (jock? razz?) as embodied by people like Larry Coryell, Chick Corea, Weather Report, et al. This is especially true in terms of tempo; be-bop when pure can set a blistering pace, and Dizzy's speed seems to be increasing with his age.

For example, *Be-Bop* (Dizzy's

Fingers) on side two of the *Big Four* is an exercise in musical stamina; the pace is fast, almost too fast for guitarist Joe Pass, who, in order to keep up, is playing in 32nd and 64th notes, maintaining a tempo that almost transcends meter and pulse to become one steady stream of sound. Fortunately though, Dizzy's wealth of musical acumen prevents *Be-Bop* from lapsing into this anarchic state, and it stands out as an example of the purity of the idiom and what can be done by a master craftsman like Gillespie.

The *Big Four* is basically a refresher course in the neglected form of be-bop. It is the kind of music that can be properly played only by top flight, experienced musicians, which of course the *Big Four* all are. After many years exposure to Dizzy Gillespie, I am still amazed by his fluidity and grace, and on the *Big Four* with sidemen Joe Pass, Rickey Roker, and Ray Brown, Diz proves that he's not getting older, he's getting better.

Ted Laturnus



Now Look
Ronnie Wood
WEA BS 2872

Despite the fact that Lester Bangs told him he couldn't sing, Ronnie Wood has ignored the insult to I've Got My Own Album To Do and come out with a second solo. The title might be a threat to complainants.

But there's never anything to complain about. Woody is all goodtime, full of spirit (and generally full of spirits) and effusing the same energy his buddy Rod Stewart does. Keith Richard is back with unmistakable



power-chords (not to demean Wood, whose own chunky beef rhythms walk hand in hand with those of Richard) along with Ian McLagan, Kenny Jones, Andy Newmark, Jean Russell on synthesizers, Willie Weeks and the surprise guest Bobby Womack.

Womack's soulful blues have long been a favourite of both Stewart and Wood. Both have recorded with him.

Mick Taylor also makes a guest appearance in a slide guitar role.

Woody's voice is stronger, with more feeling but it still sounds as if someone's got a rope around his neck and is maintaining pressure (with the odd determined jerk now



Half In, Half Out
John Renton
WEA MS-2222

With a little imagination one can conceive that this could have been a very good album. However, somewhere between the studio and the pressing machine some fine music was ruined.

It's a shame to knock an album just because of the engineering and mixing but it doesn't matter how good the record could have been, if it doesn't sound good coming out of the speakers then it's just another poor album. The sound is muddy and shallow, at times I found myself straining to hear Renton's singing and I still don't have a full idea as to what he can really do with his voice because so much of it isn't there.

The mixing of the instruments is a confusing mish-mash in which they aren't distinctly separated from each other, not only by position but in overall sound. I've got re-recordings of bluegrass from thirty or forty years ago on which the instruments have more definition and presence.

The album was recorded in Toronto and Renton's sidemen are tight, playing well behind him. He does all the lead vocal work and wrote the music for the album which is basically soft rock drawing from jazz, blues and country. His voice is rather high and it carries a raspy quality which gives it fullness and strength.

Despite the shortcomings of the sound he manages to come through on a couple of tracks; "You Know" which is a Lenny Breau "I know that you know that I know" type of song and "Down Parade", a coffee house white blues number with catchy lyrics and a neat little arrangement.

From what is on these two tracks and the rest of the songs, this record is going to bother me until I hear an album of what Renton can really do and I suggest that you wait for it as well./S.A. •

Styx II
Styx
Wooden Nickel
[WNS 1012]

There are moments on *Styx II* that are quite entrancing. Subtle swaying melodies, nearly mesmerizing, peaceful yet stimulating especially a track entitled *Lady* written by Dennis DeYoung. This track exemplifies the capabilities of Styx. Why it stands above the remaining compositions on their second album, is because all the musicians are in perfect balance. The individual parts are fulfilled without any undue collision or over-indulgence.

Unfortunately much of the LP displays a noticeable lack of cohesion among the five musicians who embody Styx. Often they abandon structured harmony for a free-for-all jam session which does little for the final tonal effect. In their more contained and stylized moments Styx are a polished unit, at other times they are blaring examples of post-psychedelic electric pop, and it is obvious that their more contained moments are their finer ones.

Some potential here but essentially a slightly jumbled effort. Side One is fairly tight. Side Two destroys the flow./VC

and again). It's certainly not bad though; he'll end up sounding like his friend if he keeps it up.

The instrumentals are basic twin rhythm guitars with the odd thumping lead and slide tossed in. It maintains the mood well.

Big Bayou is a fine cut. If You Don't Want My Love is dynamite, dominated by Womack's voice but Woody holding his own. Caribbean (sic) Boogie sounds a little like I Can Feel The Fire in the opening bars.

I Can't Stand The Rain is good, those rhythms against riffs showing up again. It's *Unholy* is the cut with Taylor and is followed by *I Got A Feeling*. A loud, brassy, Woody album/NJC •

Phenix
Cannonball Adderley
Fantasy/F-70004

As I write this, Cannonball Adderley is reeling under the onslaught of coronary thrombosis. I sincerely hope he recovers and lives on to continue his musical direction; because, while Julian Adderley hasn't been prolific or particularly innovative as a jazz musician, he has been tasteful and consistently accessible, and more than that, has been enduring as a jazz fixture over the years.

Cannonball's first major date was with the Miles Davis sextet in the late fifties; the sextet featured Jimmy Cobb, Wynton Kelly, Paul Chambers, and John Coltrane. Adderley's basically traditional style was somewhat overshadowed by the soon-to-be acclaimed inventiveness of Coltrane; however, Cannonball demonstrated his own particular musical strength, and after a stint with Davis, joined George Shearing's big band and finally formed his own with Nat Adderley on cornet.

Featuring this same lineup of musicians with virtually no personnel changes, Phenix is for me, an album representative of a

man who has found his stride. One of the reasons I say this is because unwittingly or no, Fantasy has compiled a reasonably comprehensive overview of Adderley.

A double record set, Phenix features the classic standards such as *Mercy, Mercy*; *Walk Tall*; *Sack O' Woe*; etc., as well as some newer material written by people like Joe Zawinul, Randy Weston, Bobby Timmons. It is also both contemporary and concomitant, with musicians such as George Duke, Louis Hayes, Airto, Same Jones, and Adderley's regular sidemen: Walter Booker, Mike Wolff, Roy McCurdy and brother Nat.

The record is not a reissue of Cannonball's material, but rather a newer rendition of it, of course it is all good; ample proof of the durability of his style and

Isaac realizes, but from the rest no surprises



Chocolate Chip
Isaac Hayes
abc/Hot Buttered Soul
ABCD - 874

Isaac Hayes is to Barry White as ice cream is to sherbet. Their music, their intentions and their appeal is so similar. But Isaac

served his apprenticeship in the south — with Stax — and he has a definite edge in funkability. You could say that Isaac Hayes pioneered the sound and Mr. White recently renewed the patent!

More seriously though, Isaac has not changed a great deal since the debut of Hot Buttered Soul. He did change wives and record labels, make some visits to Las Vegas and strike gold — (much of which went into alimony) — but musically he and his Movement have stagnated for a while.

Chocolate Chip is not by any means a major breakthrough, nor does it signify any stylistic departure for the 'Shaft' man. Importantly it lets the world in general know that Isaac Hayes is Back and still going strong despite

a few hassles.

It is for me the strongest Hayes album to date. I am not a particular fan — in fact some of his early work I have found terrible — lacking in the 'balls' so often alluded to in Black Funk. But Chocolate Chip comes on just fine, thank you.

The album has almost forty minutes of music on it yet it sounds tight, the only evidence of over indulgence being contained in Hayes' silly verbiage. When Isaac does his pre-Barry White moaning and talking we tolerate (out of familiarity) but his lyrics??? We just don't know how to take them but hope we are meant to laugh!!

Happily there is some genuine Movement type funk here — especially on the disco-hypnotic

closer 'I Can't Turn Around'. Tony Joe White's Lovin' Feelin' is pretty and contains a too short alto solo by Bill Easley. The two part title cut is 11 minutes of damn good musical and lyrical fun; high energy and blithely, slyly machismo. Chocolate Chip is mainly for fans and musical sweet tooths. •

Haslett

Poco: Head Over Heels
Dunhill ABCD 890

Poco's ninth album finds them on a new label alive and well and

T. Harrison

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'Drop sex ads'—Scherr

Continued from page 5

Barb began running news and feature stories on the then rare nude beaches that dotted the California coast; spotlighted the party favors of the Sexual Freedom League and generally endorsed the Hedonistic line laid down in the paper's increasingly explicit personal classifieds. Display ads for "adult" movies, massage parlors and "marital aids" began finding their way into the **Barb** too. In a few years they would comprise nearly all of the ads and become an albatross around the paper's neck; but at first they were accepted as easy income by staffers who told themselves they were ripping off The Man's sleazy operatives to

finance the revolution.

Not all the **Barb's** readers agreed. Tom Hayden, in a letter alluding to the growing women's movement and outlining America's sexual malaise, wrote: "The **Barb** only appears to make a break with these repressive patterns. There is a sexual attitude in the **Barb** that seems to suppose that whatever is taboo should be celebrated by radicals...The **Barb** repeats a hip version of the morality of the Dirty Old Man, rather than exploring any real alternatives to America's sexual neurosis."

The **Barb** ran Hayden's letter above a series of photographs of a bare breast, sans the woman's face, plus Scherr's appropriately barbed response.

With many readers, however, the sex and counter-culture combination clicked. The **Barb's** circulation ballooned and the paper doubled, then tripled, its number of pages. Color appeared on the cover and the **Barb** attracted contributors that included Leary and Rubin, the Fugs' Tuli Kupferberg, the globe-trotting John Wilcock, film-maker Lenny Lipton, political activist Stew Albert, Marvin Garson (who later helped start the San Francisco **Good Times**) and Eugene Schoenfeld, who, as Dr. Hip, the good doctor who told you what your family physician wouldn't about sex and drugs, probably became the **Barb's** all-time most popular columnist. The paper looked as sloppy as ever, but it had a vitality and audacity that was hard to beat.

"People hated the **Barb**," allows Scherr, "because it wasn't in the pocket of any one group. But they read it. We became good at creating myths. The 'banana craze' (namely, that smoking them got you high) started with a letter to the **Barb** that the San Francisco **Chronicle** picked up and circulated."

"We'd plant small articles in the paper saying, 'There's a rumor going around that something is going to happen on Telegraph Avenue Friday at two o'clock.' So people would show up on Friday at two to see what would happen someone would say, 'Hey, let's close off the street,' and something would happen."

"That's an important difference between an underground paper and an alternative paper: the undergrounds were activist papers. We wanted to see things happen and we helped make certain they did. The alternatives, including the present **Barb**, are written by sympathetic observers who don't get involved much;

they're newspapers of record, rather than activist papers."

The **Barb** covered most of the major happenings of the middle and late sixties from the instigators' points of view; the Human Be-In in Golden Gate Park, where San Francisco hippies and Berkeley politicians formed an ecstatic, yet uneasy alliance; the exorcism of the Pentagon; the first big rock (they called it 'pop' then) festival in Monterey; the street actions at the Chicago Democratic convention; the student strikes at San Francisco State and Berkeley and finally, People's Park.

The **Barb** moved — or, rather, ran — to stage centre when Berkeley radicals, including several **Barb** regulars, seized a muddy, rutted vacant lot owned by the University of California and transformed it into a People's Park, complete with transplanted turf and trees, flowers and a pond. In the police assault that retook the park, one person was killed and another was blinded, setting off street fighting that lasted for days and resulting in martial law, declared by then-Governor of California, Ronald Reagan.

Public interest in People's Park was enormous and **Barb** reporters were in the streets with notebooks and cameras, recording with visceral accuracy what went down. The **Barb's** brand of streetwise journalism proved compelling reading, particularly after Reagan singled out the paper by name for helping sabotage law and order. The paper's circulation peaked at 90,000 in mid-1969 soon after People's Park.

Then things started to come apart. The staff organized as the Red Mountain Tribe and made a bid to buy the **Barb** which Scherr offered to them for \$140,000. When this deal fell through, the staff produced a "Barb on Strike" issue detailing their demands, while Scherr cranked out a lengthy article in his own version of the **Barb** entitled "Confessions of a Kosher Pig," in which he accused the Tribe of ruining the paper and playing into the hands of "the gloating establishment."

The following week Scherr sold the paper to Allan Coult, who hired a new staff. The Tribe, meanwhile, came out on July 18, 1969 with their own paper, the **Berkeley Tribe**. The weekly **Tribe** was to endure until late 1972, when it fell victim to Left dogmatism and declining reader interest.

While the Tribe was getting started, Scherr went to court to

regain control of the **Barb** from Allan Coult, under whom the paper had, he felt, turned "counter-revolutionary." It had also turned anemic. Coult's strange tales and bare breasts never really made it with the public. By the time Scherr regained the paper in December, 1969, the **Barb's** circulation had sagged to 15,000.

Scherr pulled out all the stops to regain the **Barb's** lost momentum: Placing blazing action photos on page one, writing alliterative, rhyming, **Variety**-style headlines, and printing outrageous opinions, innuendos and accusations of every sort. Circulation climbed back up to 40,000 when Scherr had his second heart attack — the first, smaller one came the day the Tribe struck — and continuing around the clock effort became impossible.

When Scherr donated the **Barb** to the Harry Wright Trust, (which belatedly met one of the Tribe's original demands by giving \$50,000 to Bay area movement groups last year) in the fall of 1973, he was a worn, sick man. Putting out the **Barb** had become a chore; his common law wife, Jane, was suing him for possession of the paper (she is claiming he still secretly owns it) and the **Barb's** internal structure was in a state of disarray.

Soon thereafter, the Wright Trust sold the **Barb** to INK, a group of Bay Area lawyers with Leftish backgrounds. The paper is now staffed and written by relatively new people many of whom are determined to erase its reputation as the **National Enquirer** of Hipdom.

If the staff and writers are mostly new, however, the inherited problems facing them — governmental surveillance, the reliance on the sex ads and incipient labor hassles — are not.

The **Barb**, apparently beat a federal grand jury subpoena last February when reporter Schang successfully took the First and Fifth Amendments on communiques received and printed by the paper from the NWLF; but shaking the sex ads may take longer. Scherr is now urging the staff to abandon the sex ads and seek a wider base of support from the community.

But as the past and present staffers find themselves in this convoluted dance of karma, there is still a birthday to consider. Should the party get off with a big bang, hopefully it won't be sparked by the NWLF.*

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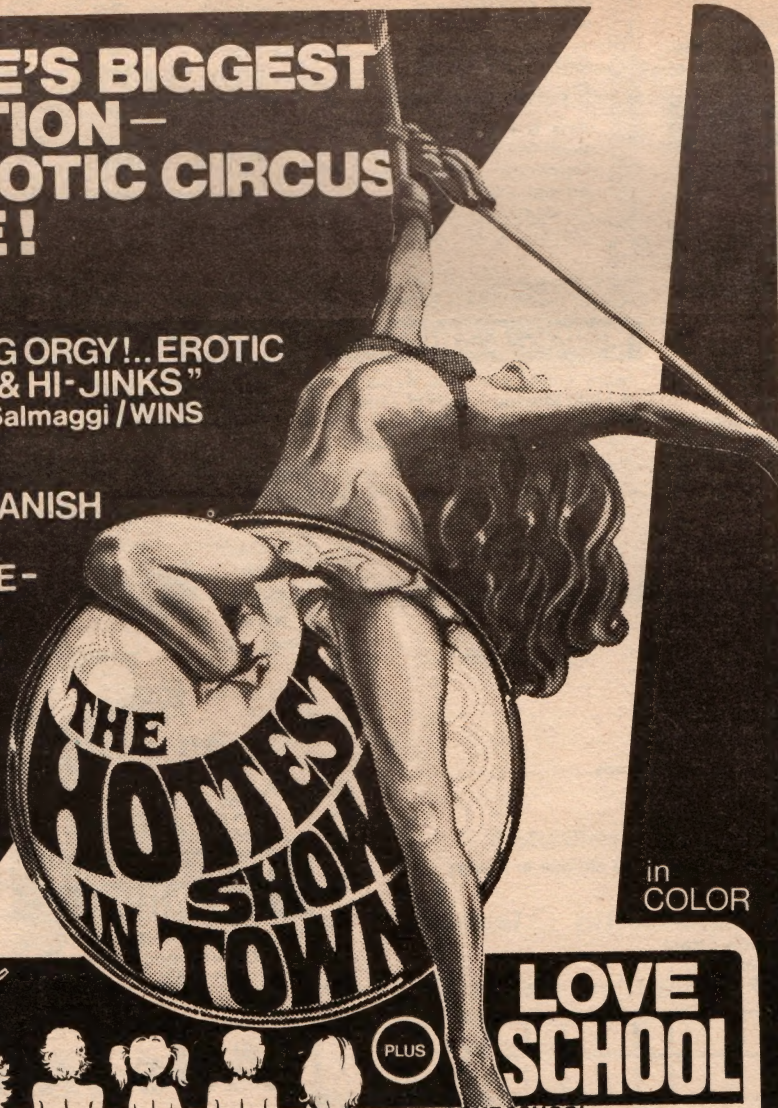
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Warning: nude sex throughout
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LOVE SCHOOL
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**GARDEN of ALLAH
Leisure Club**

SUITE 200—641 BUSWELL, RICHMOND
FREE TRIAL MEMBERSHIP WITH THIS AD

ADULT PERSONAL CLASSIFIEDS

(WARNING: If you are sometimes offended by common, everyday language, please do not read these ads.)

How to Answer A Personal Ad

All replies to Georgia Straight Box Numbers should be answered in the following way:

1. Put each reply in a plain envelope.
2. Mark the G.S. Box Number on the envelope.
3. Put your reply (or replies) in another envelope, enclosing 50c. FOR EACH REPLY and send it to Georgia Straight Box Replies, 56A Powell St., Vancouver, B.C. V6A 1E8.

4. Replies received without the 50c. fee will be held until the fee is paid.

Replies are sent unopened to the boxholder. Names of boxholders are confidential and no replies may be picked up at the office. There is no charge to the boxholder for a G.S. Box Number. Please report any fraudulent or misleading ads immediately to Georgia Straight.

ADULT BUSINESS

NUDES from EUROPE! Beautiful Boys & Girls, portraying the virility of youth! Send for Free photo illustrated Catalogues, featuring Films and Magazines. BOEKWINKEL, Box 218, Vesterbrogade 208, 1800 Copenhagen, DENMARK. Hard core porno flicks. Canada USA delivery guaranteed. Sample \$5.00 or catalog \$1.00. Ultra Sales Box 208, Blaine Wa. 98230

CANDID photographs taken of you in my studio. Phone Joanna 738-3846

SAT NITE is couple's nite at the "Oasis of Pleasure" Garden of Allah Leisure Club. Phone 273-1308 for appointment or further information.

Swinging couples and singles meet others in Western Canada and Washington. Free sample ads, details, CY Club, P.O. Box 573, New Westminster, B.C.

Artist requires attrac girl for nude modelling excel hrly pay. Reply to P.O. Box 46588 Van.

Wanted Go-Go dancers. Club Zanzibar 1129 Howe St. Van. 9 to 12 pm daily.

It's not a rumour—Keg Waiters are studs. Come in to Richmond and see us. Love wetback, foxy, arle, rich, rocket, Brian, Morris, Bill, Binder, Grant and the Boa.

Young ladies wanted to learn body rub for new leisure club in Richmond. \$300-\$400 per wk. Possible. Ph. 273-1308 for appointment.

NOTICE:

Thursday nite is "Bring A Buddy Nite" at the "Oasis of Pleasure." 25% off for two or more. Garden of Allah Leisure Club. Ste. 200-641 Buswell, Richmond. Ph. 273-1308 for appointment.

ADULT BUSINESS

ADULT BUSINESS

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"MODELS DIRECTORY" — Amateur & professional Models! Ready to pose for you! Names, addresses, unretouched photos.

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THESE ARE ALL BRAND NEW ISSUES!! With every order of any of these publications, you will receive FREE BONUS—adult club directory. Available by mail only! Adults only—age & signature, a must. ROUTLEY PUBLISHING DEPT. 45, BOX 37 WHITE ROCK, B.C. V4B 4Z7

MOD MISS

massage attractive males to serve you discreetly. For more information Box 316 G.S.

Free massage or body rubs for women and couples in your own home or? Send phone no and time to call G.S.Box 276. Massage by male.

Student, 23, needs \$5000 by Sept. Will do any legal work. All offers welcome. Dave 733-0612

BI PERSONALS

Bi-male wants gals for sex & friendship. Days or nights. Loves french. Bud 733-5932.

BI PERSONALS

Well-hung clean-cut chap 19-30 to visit shut-in — could live-in free if adaptable. 731-8654

Bi guy 25 wish to meet chicks and guys to get it on with. All replies answered. Camping, swimming or whatever. Box 278 G.S.

Young bi guy 25 would like to meet other bi guys 25 and under for good times. Answer all. Post Office Box 35221 Van. B.C. Station "E"

Nice looking, long haired young guy. Bi but very attracted to other nice looking young guys for fun and friendship. Send picture if possible. Discreet, sincere and cool. G.S.Box 317

Masc guy 33. Not into gay scene seeks clean masc married men to 35. Utmost discretion assured. No involvement. Send personal details, fantasies, desires etc. All answered. G.S.Box 297

Bi females would like to meet other. Please send informative letter and photo & phone # G.S.Box 298

Help! We are desperate bichick urgently needed no couples any thing goes could live with us if you wish call 3210912 any time. Please help us out. Ask for Al or Carol. No gays please.

COUPLE PERSONALS

Very attractive couple e'20's want same for swapping. G.S.Box 203

Attr. couple 30's want to meet couples for swinging fun & friendship no workouts. Pic & phone. G.S.Box 300

GAY PERSONALS

Bi guy seeks VERY YOUNG inex. guys for good times. Am 25, slim, not bad looking, very friendly and easy to talk to. Under 23's. No freaks, hippies. Call John — 731-5069 — Tues. Thurs. Sun nites.

GAY PERSONALS

GAY MALE CONTACT CLUB I.S.B.A. BOX 142, STATION Q, TORONTO M4T 2L9 is the super-discreet way to lasting gay friendship. Identity disclosed only if you OK others from pix, info sent. Free questionnaire, Prairie or B.C. membership lists are sent when you join. Members in all areas—Victoria to Cranbrook, Seattle to Whitehorse, and all throughout Prairies. Low rates for students, free if just 21. Unpublicized return address on mail. Advertised across Canada.

Private personal counselling for men with emotional & sexual problems, by appointment. No phone counselling. Experiential group workshops forming, too. 733-0612, noon to 6:30 p.m.

GUYS—WE ENJOY YOUR COMPANY AT THE TAURUS SPA 1233 HORNBY ST. 387-1915. COME SOON AND BRING THIS AD FOR FREE MEMBERSHIP

Lonely gay in Inuvik wishes to contact other gays complete discretion is assured for all. G.S.Box 318

I seek a good looking blond boy to make happy in any way possible. Write Box 33782 Van. B.C.

Dig young dominant guy wearing heavy work BOOTS. Clean discreet no S&M or drugs. Im 27 masc and hung. Want guys with MOTOR-CYCLE trucker logger etc. 689-1396 anyhour. I need it. Keep calling. G.S.Box 301

Gay guy 30 seeks young guy. Will teach. Don't be alone. Discreet. P.O.Box 91367 West Van.

Bi guy 30 seeks bi or gay under 20. Inexp. OK. Am good teacher. Private and discreet. No one will know but us. Photo if poss. G.S.Box 302

Well off 27 white good looking well built big rugged athletic man (all masc not fem) wants to meet a man (job or not) with same physical qualities as himself for all things. G.S.Box 303

GAY HOUSING

Guy, early 30's looking for younger guy to share 1 bd. apt. clean student preferred NW area. G.S.Box 314

Young-honest, & athletic clean guy I req. similar (gay-str. or bi) to share well furn. 1 bdr. apt. in W. end next to 3 buses, beach, park, & shops. A mature non-smoker. Meticulously clean guy desired. Avail. Sept. 1st. \$100 per mo. G.S.Box 315

GAY COMPANION

LETH — CRANBROOK — GOLDEN

Triangle: Gay guys — seeking gays fro frnshp and GREAT time. 18-35 esp welcome. I'm 27. If you know any gays in this area please pass this ad to them. G.S.Box 304

GAY COMPANION

32 year old looking for guys for outings etc. New in area & like to know how to meet others. G.S.Box 305

Masc. guy 20, gd. looking would like to hear from same to 35 yrs. Dig hairy guys. Preferably nice build. Send details and pic. if possible G.S.Box 306

Tall, masc guy, 30, seeks young slender/skinny guy (19-23) uncut 4 good times & companionship. Rush name, age, fone # & time 2 call: Box 58284, Van. 14, B.C. All welcome. Peace 2 all.

Masc. gay executive, 31, new to city, with power cruiser seeks other gay boaters for joint cruises and friendship. G.S. Box 264

MALE & FEMALE

Women only I am available for your pleasure. Experienced in massage. Please ph. 669-7618 Best slave services given to capable dominant female by male in late 20's. G.S.Box 242 Young black stud available well hung & long lasting game for anything for woman only absolute discretion secrecy & answer guaranteed. Write in confidence to Box 24515 St.C. Vancouver

Super horny black male with 8½" & no sex hang ups wishes to meet female any age shape or race who can last through at least 1 hr. or longer of tender loving sex. Write Box 4417 Main P.O. Answer & Disc. assured.

Regular reward to young t----- girl who can spare few hours weekend as company to lonely unhappy 25 guy please! Don't be afraid to inquire for price of stamp and little time give age and details P.O.Box 1376 Stn.A. Van. V6C 2T2

Are you an attractive woman 19 to 40 with gentle personality who believes sex is beautiful & would accept reward for your time. No demands other than our agreed time together other benefits or help if needed I'll make a bright spot in your week & we'll both benefit. I'm 40 tall slim build & sensitive. Write direct to Box 46252 Sta.G. Van.

Male would like to hear from dominant female would like to serve her as her slave. G.S.Box 319

Male wishes to meet woman 30-40 for love meetings phone 534-5968

Male 24 5'10" 160 wishes to hear from females any race single married for friendship fun & sex. Couples OK too. Must be discreet. Box 1415 Stat. A. Van. B.C. V6C 2P7

40 year old man 6' 190 lbs. Like to meet horny dominant female 35-45 willing to educate me in way of anything goes sex. Must be discreet. Photo appreciated. G.S.Box 307

Wanted girls no more than 26 yrs. for sex of any kind. I have a foot fetish write & send photo & phone no. to G.S.Box 308

MALE & FEMALE

Single male 6ft is hoping to meet broadminded intelligent fun loving girl. Enjoy dancing, talking, sex love french etc. G.S.Box 309

European male would like to meet ladies for love & sex. G.S.Box 321

MALE & FEMALE COMPANION

Gent broadminded wishes to meet a free liberal minded independent lady for happy activities discretion assured & expected. Please write G.S.Box 299 or phone anytime 681-5655

Gentleman 26, would like to meet intelligent lady, spiritually inclined, enjoys nature, modern art, good music. G.S.Box 310

Alberta business man frequently in Vancouver wishes to meet attractive lady 20 to 40 for outings travelling and companionship. I am 42 attractive. G.S.Box 311

Man wishes to meet lady up to 35 for company on weekends. No objection to one or two kids but discretion and sincerity expected and returned. G.S. Box 312.

Lonely male, 23, new to Vancouver seeks female companionship for fun, good times. 874-8485. G.S.Box No.313

Penfriends in Canada wanted urgently; all ages. The Pen Society, (C.55), Chorley, Lancs. England.

ORIENTAL GIRL

Are you a pretty Oriental (or Polynesian) woman, 19-29, who is a Christian, submissive, intelligent, sexually uninhibited? Are you above all warm and affectionate? Would you like to settle down with an outstanding man? If so, we should meet and who knows what will happen? I am a Caucasian, handsome, well-to-do, athletic, affectionate and kind, world traveller, Christian who is President of his own company. I have just moved to Vancouver and I am looking for the right girl for dates, companionship and possible marriage. All replies with phone and photo will be answered. G.S.Box 320

MALE & FEMALE HOUSING

Open minded male 32 wants to share W. end apt. with honest girl 22 to 32. Call 669-6619 eves.

PEN PAL PERSONALS ★

Blk. man 28 would like to correspond with sincere open-minded people. Phillip Hawthorne 28136 Box 147 Fox Lake Wisconsin 53933.

Blk. male 26 yrs old wants to correspond with sincere open-minded people. Jeffrey Johnson 61293 Box 147 Fox Lake Wisconsin 53933

Man 31 seeks correspondence with anyone. Robert E. Tucker #140252 Box 69, London Ohio 43140

Student, 18, 6'2", 160 lbs., masculine, want to hear from other beautiful guys who know the way out. Write John Graham, 54-Sidney 9, Belleville Ontario.

Man 25 years old wishes to have anyone write to him in prison. Mr. E. Rand, P.O.Box B-24149 Tamal, Calif. 94964

Lonely male wishes to correspond with all women wishing to write. Alphonso Bruce 88281-132, Box 1000, Steilacoom Wa. 98388

Blk. man 26 yrs of age plans on moving to Canada on my release from prison. Would like to correspond with sincere open-minded people. All letters will be answered. Alfred Holliman, 19436, Box 147, Fox Lake Wis. 53933

I am a white male, 26 yrs. of age 5'8" tall, 175 lbs. Interested in communicating with anyone. I am interested in the arts & music & enjoy the outdoors. Lt. brown hair & blue eyes. John Foti Jr. Box 147 Fox Lake, Wisconsin 53933

Black male, 24 5'11" 185lbs. looking for a sensuous business minded woman 20-? any race. Kimmie Franklin Jr. P.O.Box B-26325 CTF-North Soledad Calif. 93960

Personable, affectionate and understanding black man would like to correspond with female age no bearing. Melvin L. Hall 35321-136 Box 1000 Steilacoom, Washington 98388

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